

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

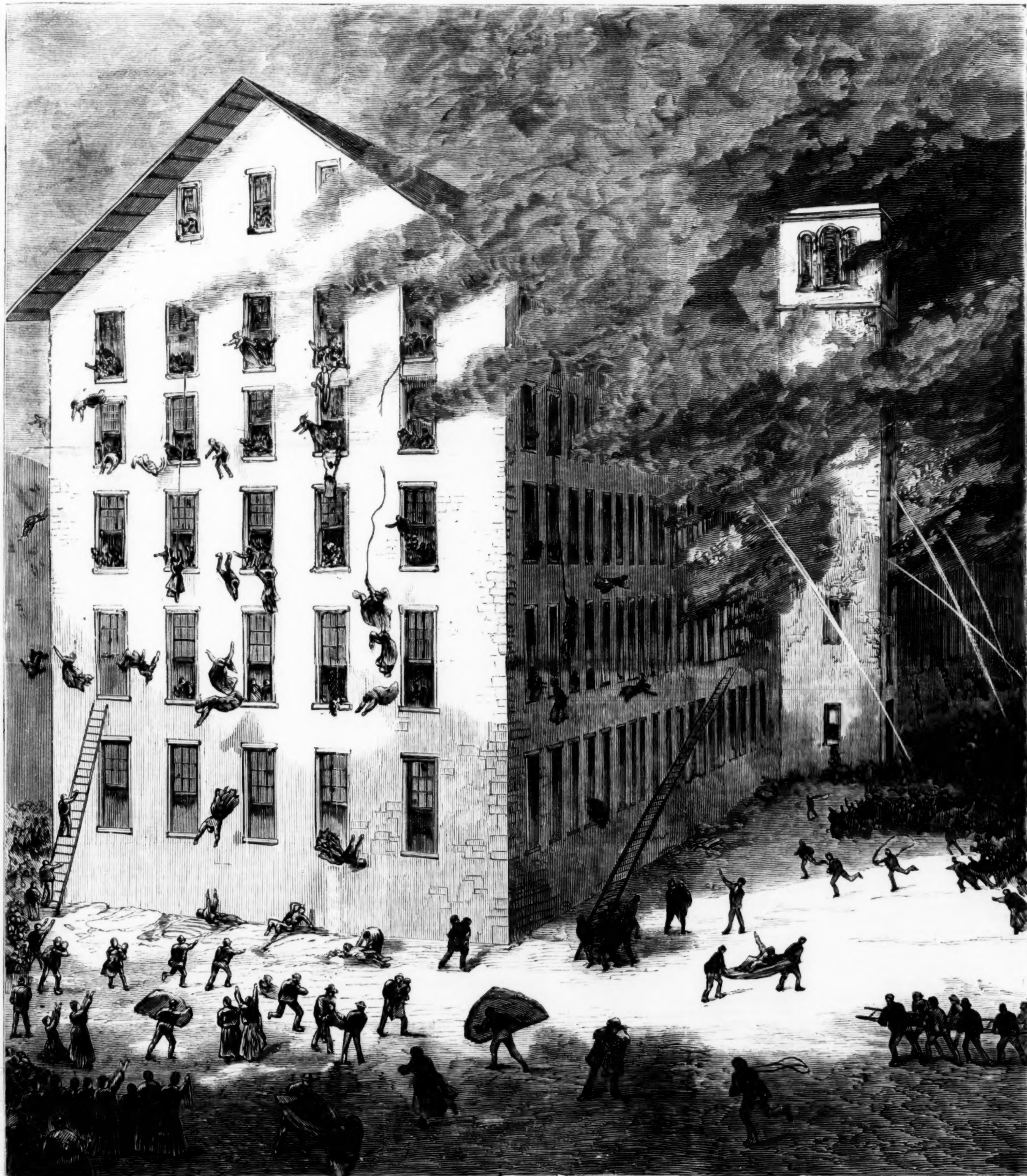


Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 992—Vol. XXXIX.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



THE FALL RIVER DISASTER.—GREAT FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE IN THE PRINT-WORKS. GRANITE MILL No. 1, FALL RIVER, MASS., SEPTEMBER 19th—THE VICTIMS DRIVEN FROM THE WINDOWS.—SEE FRONT PAGE 57.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.
One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

CLUB TERMS.
Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address,
\$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest
established illustrated newspaper in America.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having received numerous letters of inquiry as to parties claiming to represent FRANK LESLIE'S "LADY'S JOURNAL," giving their names as "Mrs. Parker," "Mrs. Clarke," "Mrs. Brower," "Mrs. Allen," etc., "No. 8 Spruce Street, New York City," this is to give notice that they are impostors—as I do not employ lady agents. Any one attempting to collect subscriptions for either of my Publications, or to form Agencies for the sale of my Patterns without a written authorization in due form, is an impostor, and if detected will be prosecuted.
FRANK LESLIE.

This week we present the first installment of our new story
"AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON,"

By BENJAMIN L. FARJEON.

The opening chapters show that the great expectations which have been held of this story are to be fulfilled. We congratulate our readers on their possession of so fine a bit of romance

LOUISIANA.

DURING last week the New Orleans Revolution was overtly begun, was suddenly accomplished, and was as suddenly overthrown. The carpetbag government in Louisiana has been oppressive to tax-payers. Private business men have had ruin staring them in the face. The State and City authorities, composed of negroes and a low class of white adventurers, have wielded power with remorseless cupidity. Negro barbers have risen to high positions, without learning or honesty or dignity, and what they have not received has been taken by white loafers from the North. The State Auditor, Clinton, boasts that the Kellogg administration has reduced the bonded debt nearly half a million and the floating debt a million and a quarter of dollars; but he fails to say that those debts have been reduced by committing robbery upon the tax-payers, and that if the stealings had been used in the legitimate payment of bonds, the debts would have been reduced much more. The State Auditor's own office costs the people over forty-two thousand dollars a year; and the Treasurer is not poor when he receives seventeen thousand dollars for his invaluable services.

There has been some hot blood among the whites, but if we had lived long in that American Paris, New Orleans, we should probably have belonged to a White League. As we have said before, the ultimate meaning of the White League organization is the social subjection of the Negro; but the immediate meaning of the uprising was purely political; and we have little doubt that the leaders expected to obtain martial law. Justice and sympathy are on the side of the white; the law is on the side of the Kellogg government. A President knows nothing of justice and sympathy; he is a machine of the letter of the law. And while we deprecate the fact that he could find no excuse for affording justice, he no doubt did his best in upholding the law. Congress failed to convict Durell under impeachment; it failed to pass any law for the relief of Louisiana; and although its leading members of both parties advocated measures for the restoration of justice and decency, the law—bastard, but nevertheless the law—remained. Congress left Kellogg in power, and when, in an emergency, the President was compelled to recognize an Executive of Louisiana, he could officially see only Kellogg. A man of greater political genius and of less self-importance would have originated some measure for evading an unjust law and serving illegal justice, but General Grant is a martinet, and he obeyed the law.

Louisiana has now a Kellogg State Government, re-established by the President. Much rather might military law have been maintained until the President could have called Congress together at the earliest possible moment, for the purpose of devising measures by which an honest election might be held in that State. Her

citizens should have an opportunity to vote as they have fought; but the negro—the late barber and slave—what shall be done with or for him? The answer comes after a scrutiny of the faces and characters of several white men who have been Members of Congress, and New York Aldermen and Legislators—men like Denny Burns, Tony Miller, J. I. Davenport; and we say, the Negro, too, is at least a man, and he shall have justice.

SENATOR SARGENT.

THE Pacific Slope has a prescriptive right to furnish America with a succession of men who excite popular sentiment and enthusiasm. It gave us Fremont, Broderick, McDougal, Heenan, Baker, Walker, Bret Harte and Mark Twain; and while "Jones of Nevada" promised, in a fortunate political epigram, to become the hero of the day, there are men both of the East and of the West who believe that Governor Booth, now United States Senator-elect from California, is to be the oracle of romanticism for all the land. We ourselves were the first journalists who mentioned that he might be a candidate for President of the United States. California is a community which develops two classes of men rapidly: those restless nomadic spirits of whom Fremont was the prototype, Bret Harte the historian, and Newton Booth the leader—and those shrewder, more constant characters, mainly of New England birth, who find their guides and exemplars in Leland Stanford, James Lick, and Aaron Augustus Sargent. That State is at present pretty evenly divided in politics between the two classes: the romanticists, under Governor Booth, being Independents, or, as they are dubbed from the complexion of their political coats, "Dolly Vardens"—and the Conservatives, under Senator Sargent, comprising the old-line regular Republican Party. The ancient Democrats favor the Independents, and good old grandfather Casserly was recently their representative.

Next year, when Newton Booth enters the Senate, there will be occurring a political contest which promises to be more exciting and more important than any contest that has occurred since the days of the Kansas Nebraska struggle. Booth represents the anti-monopoly, anti-railroad element of California; he has won a great victory in behalf of that element; and he will enter the arena of Senatorial seats with prestige for exalting eloquence, imaginative rhetoric, and political keenness. It is expected of him that he will rival Conkling, though we are rather inclined to believe that he will take his place beside Frelinghuysen. His colleague and opponent will be Senator Sargent, whose present term of office lasts until 1879. It is necessary to know what sort of a political contestant Booth will encounter.

Sargent's governing quality is untiring industry, a quality greatly dependent upon his physical endurance and his indomitable will. While in the House, during Reconstruction times, he was frequently known to go to his seat at noon of one day, and not leave it until noon of the next day. His speech on the Record of the Democratic Party, which created so much excitement in the House, we think in 1870, was a marvel of journalistic industry; and his original fight for the creation of the Pacific Railroad, his six months' battling for McCook of Colorado, and his unenviable but persistent contest for Shepherd, whom he admired for the improvements he had wrought for the national capital, and whom he dared to befriend,—compel us to respect Carlyle's liking for men of courage and strength. Sargent is in many ways the bravest man in the Senate. So thorough is his command of the resources of industry, that when President Grant sent the name of Caleb Cushing to the Senate for confirmation to the office of Chief-Justice, Conkling could only exclaim, "Caleb Cushing!" Frelinghuysen could only wag his head, and Chandler could only sink into his curule chair in disgust and happiness; while muscular Sargent plunged his hands into his pockets, stuck a cigar tightly between his teeth, went among the moldy archives of the War Department, and discovered that in 1861 Cushing had recommended a man to Jeff. Davis for ability to serve in the Southern Confederacy. Here was the genius of industry; and we are afraid that Governor Booth's subtropical temper will be exasperated in 1875.

Senator Sargent's mental qualities, as displayed in debate, are the very opposite to those of a poet—a singular characteristic of a man who is a dinner-table critic of poetry, and an intense lover of pure literature. If he quotes poetry, he quotes the narrative of Gray. If he ventures to portray, his picture has all the penciling of the pre-Raphaelite school. Indeed, he is not a man of imagination at all; but a legislative district-attorney, questioning the ears of Senatorial voters with cross-examinations. He has an eye for incidents and an ear for details—a natural practitioner in the Baconian school—a master of rapid and precise analysis. He has feelings and theories, but he keeps them in the background, because he lacks necessary egotism and imagination; and he is content to believe that if he presents a suggestive fact, his hearer will be able to apply it to the repressed theory. This is the habit of the debater, but it is not the custom of the stump orator. One of Sargent's speeches,

even one before a mixed agricultural audience, reads like a sermon by Frederick William Robertson; it seems to say, There are the facts, go home and work out the only theory. He is a suggestive logician, dealing in minor premises, and leaving major premises and conclusions to furnish themselves. We have seen him walking quietly in a cloak-room, apparently absent-minded, quietly puffing a cigar, and suddenly hurrying to his place to make one of his strong five-minute speeches which perplex men of sustained imaginations. An imaginative speaker like Booth needs but one or two central ideas. He displays them in many-sided, amplified tints, like the dying dolphin.

—“With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone, and all is gray.”

The hard reasoner, like Sargent, must have his hand full of thunderbolts. Men like Booth float easily on the current of popular opinion; men like Sargent swim lustily while their muscles last, and know that the lapse of a stroke means death. But men of Sargent's muscles never waver and always win. Richard of the Lion Heart is none the less strong because Saladin is dexterous with his pretty blade. Booth will entertain an audience for hours with a rhetorical panorama of California evils; Sargent will make a statistical argument that will carry a majority of the Senate. The latter is an alert beaver; the former is a showy butterfly. Booth is a polisher of popular grievances; Sargent is a statesman, who, never mystified by to-day's fog, is willing to say, "I will not lie for San Francisco." This is the saying of a man of courage. Hugo's Lantenac is a strong man, an adamant statue of Duty; and Sargent is Lantenac, and something more. A statesman who represses his theory and presents his argument in a statement of facts is not likely to make a popular impression. But it must be remarked of Sargent that he always says: "This is good for California—and the country." The barometer is more useful than the red cloud of the morning which is the sailor's warning. Booth carefully writes his speeches, commits them to memory *verbatim*, and studies each inflection before delivery. Sargent never writes any part of a speech, and speaks, whether for five minutes or for two hours, with a Macaulay-like rapidity, baffling to reporters.

The two measures with which Senator Sargent's name is peculiarly identified are, the law relating to Mineral Lands—by which miners may easily obtain titles to their lands and prevent restless rovers from "jumping" claims—and the Bill for the creation of the Pacific Railroad. The first was local in its effects, and though it at first created indignation among the jumpers, it finally gave satisfaction, made the miner as constant a factor of civilization as the farmer, and effected Sargent's reelection by more than his party vote. The Pacific Railroad Bill has a long and romantic history. For years its construction was advocated in party platforms. It was portrayed by Stanford, almost fanatically urged by Huntington, and ably surveyed by Judah; but it was reserved for Sargent, as a boy Congressman, to fight for it inch by inch, with the precision of despair, over the Sierras, through the stone avalanches, and down to the sands of the sea. It was a great feat, and to him more than to any other man is the credit of the right to accomplish it due. The result has been immense to California and the country. It has brought into the Union a State which was so isolated that it was ever ready to go out. It has brought "the Italy of America" within a week of New York, and made civilization in China a probability. Criticise Sargent for his faults, as we have unsparingly done; but let us hope that the conservative position concerning railroads, which he took so strongly last year, will be retained when the final struggle comes for justice to semi-public institutions, which, built with great sacrifice by the builders, in the "era of construction," should not be confiscated or despoiled in the new and fanatical "era of management." Governor Booth will urge in carefully rounded periods the Granger theory that the States shall regulate the price for using railroads; Senator Sargent will meet him in strong argument and in discriminating rhetoric with a plea that both justice and political economy require the conservation of established railroad rights. Sargent is the stronger man, and as one of his opponents has said, "In the front rank of statesmen there is no greater man."

VIVISECTION.

THE necessity and propriety of the surgical operation known as vivisection, or the dissection of living animals, has latterly been the theme of earnest discussion in England. A few weeks since Mr. Bergh made an eloquent protest against the same practice in this country, where it is understood to form one of the studies—or amusements—of the surgeons of Bellevue Hospital. Whether his efforts for the suppression of vivisection will be successful or not, time alone will show. He has, however, succeeded in drawing out an indignant reply from one of the surgeons in question, who evidently regards it as the height of impertinence and ignorance for any one to pretend that the flaying and carving of live dogs is either cruel or in any way objectionable.

When the London press began to discuss this matter, the surgeons and physicians who

were addicted to vivisection defended themselves with more warmth than judgment. They answered at the outset—that what has never yet been established—that vivisection is absolutely necessary if the knowledge of anatomy and physiology is to make any progress. Having thus coolly begged an important question, they proceeded to deny that vivisection was cruel, and alleged—as has more recently been alleged by the Bellevue surgeons—that chloroform is used in order to prevent the vivisectioned animals from undergoing any pain. This plea was conclusively shown to be false. The most ardent practitioner of vivisection, a certain surgeon residing in Florence, who has cut up some six or eight hundred living dogs and cats, was proved to be guilty of rarely, if ever, using chloroform. Many of the unfortunate beasts that passed under his hands were suffered to linger in agony for days and weeks in order to be further experimented upon; this thoughtful surgeon taking the precaution, however, to make a small hole in their windpipes, so that they could not distress the neighborhood with their cries. After this exposure, the defenders of vivisection changed their ground and claimed that dogs really felt very little pain while under the knife, and that their cries were, in fact, merely indications of their surprise at finding themselves in an unexpected position. Of course so impudent a plea was easily refuted, and a final stand was then made in behalf of vivisection by the assertion that the interests of science required that the effect of pain upon animals should be closely studied.

Our scientific gentlemen at Bellevue have begun their defense, precisely as their English brethren did, with the plea that vivisection is always preceded by the administration of chloroform to the subject. Whether they will make good this plea, or, abandoning it, will successively assert that the animals do not feel pain, and that the exigencies of science require that they should be made to feel it, remains to be seen.

That vivisection is a terribly cruel practice no intelligent man can deny. To lay bare the heart of a living dog and watch its pulsations; to take out its cerebellum, and note the wretched animal's lack of intelligence; to tie his biliary ducts, and eagerly study the slow agonies which follow, are acts of utter and inhuman cruelty, however necessary they may be. To claim that vivisection is not cruel is as absurd as to assert that death by hydrophobia is painless. And this cruelty is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred inflicted without the slightest prospect that science will be in any way benefited by it. It may be asserted that certain isolated facts have been learned by vivisection. If we have really learned these facts, why continue to repeat experiments which can yield us nothing new? The Florentine surgeon may have gained some knowledge by vivisectioning two or three animals. It is the most wanton cruelty in him to vivisection six hundred more, merely to find out what he had learned by the sufferings of his first three victims.

Those surgeons—and fortunately their number is not very large—who advocate vivisection, insist that the sufferings of an animal are not to be weighed for a moment against the possible benefits that science may thereby gain. If it be true that the dissection of living dogs is of such vast importance, surely the dissection of living men is of far greater importance. And if the cause of science is so sacred that we are justified in inflicting any amount of suffering, if scientific knowledge can thereby be increased, it follows that the vivisection of human beings is a practice which should be introduced and encouraged.

There is no doubt that the public would cheerfully acquiesce in a proposal that the vivisectioners should vivisection one another. Among them can easily be found young men who will add nothing to the profession which they ought to adorn; and old men whose nerves and faculties have failed them to such an extent, that they are no longer fit to practice the art of scientific butchery. The young fool and the old dotard could alike be made use of for scientific experiments. There is no doubt that if the biliary ducts of young Dr. Robert Sawyer were neatly tied, a notebook full of facts could be gained by watching his vain efforts to assimilate whisky and beer. Similarly, were young Dr. Benjamin Allen to have his cerebellum laid neatly bare—his windpipe being first punctured to prevent him from uttering unseemly cries—much that is interesting could be learned by noting the effects of occasional pins judiciously stuck into his brain-tissue. As for the venerable Dr. Slasher, he could be used to illustrate the processes of digestion, by the simple plan of opening his abdomen and preventing the edges of the wound from reuniting. If these things are done to the dog, why should they not be done to worthless advocates of vivisection? If we can learn from the sufferings of a mutilated animal the effects of pain upon the canine or feline physical systems, how much more valuable would be our studies of the effect of pain upon the human body if live men were skillfully carved and tortured. The vivisection of the vivisectioners would do far more for science than the mutilations of hundreds of four-footed brutes could possibly do; and it is really strange that no enthusiastic surgeon has yet proposed and practiced human vivisection.

That is to say, we do not know that the latter class of experiments has been tried. Still, it is quite possible that the more earnest vivisectioners have been unable to restrain themselves when a friendless boy, or a worthless old woman, has fallen into their clutches. We have strong doubts as to whether the Florentine surgeon already mentioned has not added a few convicts, and an occasional cook or chambermaid, to the long list of subjects upon whom he has practiced. Of course the paupers at Bellevue have as yet been suffered to die without any flagrantly unnecessary amputations; but is it quite certain that they will be absolutely safe in the future? We should feel easier were vivisections of every kind strictly prohibited by law; and shall regard Mr. Bergh as the friend not only of the dogs, but of the paupers, if he succeeds in putting a stop to surgical cruelties.

MR. TYNDALL'S DISCOURSE.

WHATEVER else the brilliant Belfast address of Professor Tyndall may be or may not be, it is obviously a very bold declaration of independence in behalf of science from the restrictions which the theologians have from time to time sought to impose upon it. He says: "The impregnable position of science may be described in a few words. All religious theories, schemes and systems which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into its domain, must, in so far as they do this, submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day." In another place, he adds: "It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. I concede this possibility, deeming it certain, indeed, that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, whether right or wrong, we claim the freedom to discuss them. The ground which they cover is scientific ground; and the right claimed is one made good through tribulation and anguish, in darker times than ours, but resulting in the immortal victories which science has won for the human race."

This, it seems to us, is the motive, frankly expressed, of Professor Tyndall's entire discourse. It has been called "a crossing of the Rubicon," and a declaration of a new "materialism," but these phrases are exceedingly misleading. In the exercise of that freedom which the Professor claims for science, he discusses the question of the origin of life. He traces the various theories that have prevailed and those that still obtain, and he does not hesitate to say that it is a question in the minds of men, and one which cannot be shirked, whether life originated in the act of a creative spirit or not. But in his own views on this question, he does not propose anything very novel, or anything which need to startle us. He says that for himself he perceives in matter the "promise and potency of every form and quality of life"; but this is a statement which many a reverent believer in the existence of a Creator might make without attracting remark. It does not imply anything which a devout churchman could not accept. For it leaves wholly untouched a vast realm of power, which may be filled by the imagination with the form of the living God, or which may be left vacant. Matter contains the promise and potency of all life. But whence came matter? and whence the capacity in matter for developing the various forms of life?

These questions Professor Tyndall does not try to answer. He even admits that by the human understanding they cannot be answered. We can trace to their invariable antecedents in physical phenomena the phenomena of life. We can extend backwards every possible manifestation of life until it reaches material facts. The emotion of reverence felt by the petitioner at the altar consumes a certain amount of nerve-tissue, necessitates a certain chemical action and reaction between the blood and the cortical layer of the brain, and this in turn depends on the action of the stomach upon the food furnished it. There is an invariable connection, therefore, along a perfectly well-ascertained line, between food and prayer—between all forms of life and matter. But what is this connection? Professor Tyndall does not undertake to reply. "There is," he says, "no fusion possible between the two classes of facts—no motor energy in the intellect of man to carry it, without logical rupture, from the one to the other."

So far as the word materialism, in connection with such views as Tyndall announces, carries with it any opprobrium, it is due to two facts: either to the rude and unwarranted application of the views by less cautious and less powerful minds than his, or to their utter misconception and misrepresentation by the ordinary clerical critic. On the one hand we shall have actual and complete materialism. Because physical changes are the conditions of vital activities we shall be told they are the causes of them. And because Mr. Tyndall refuses to accept the average clergyman's dictum of the origin of things, we shall be told that he accepts that we have just referred to. But the substance of Professor Tyndall's discourse is simply an appeal for entire freedom in the discussion of scientific facts and the assertion of his own conviction, that, however matter itself originated, it is the possible ori-

gin of all subsequent forms of life, which are developed from it in accordance with invariable laws—some not yet discovered—but by a force that is not definable.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

MR. BEECHER'S friends will now understand why he was filled with Mrs. Morse and despair.

MAYOR HAVEMEYER commits a great many blunders, but they are all well-meant. They are errors of the ears, and not of the heart.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE asks, "Are we Christians?" To tell you the truth, Horace, you are not; you are editors.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION ORGAN in New York City will not be issued until the 5th of October. So far there seem to be no indications of editors, except Messrs. Norvell and Williams. Yet every Bohemian has a prospective situation on the new journal.

LUKE POLAND'S half-defeat and probable invitation to remain at home produce much gratification; but his law, after all, did not gag the Press. It is just as enterprising in unearthing fraud, and just as cussed in writing about politicians, as it was before it was gagged.

YOUNG BENEDICT asks: "Which is best for newly married people who are in moderate circumstances; to furnish a plain house plainly and completely, or to buy for a plain house luxurious things slowly?" Young man, don't buy a full-blooded Alderney to put into a stump lot.

THE MILWAUKEE SENTINEL relates that while a prominent preacher of that city was recently making a pastoral visit, the lady brought out a number of engravings she had just purchased. The cautious pastor flew through the front door, and sent his boy around for his hat afterwards.

THE MODISTES are all at sea for the new colors in Winter fabrics. All the outlandish names are exhausted. Suppose they give a little significance to the names. A nice pink might be called "the Conkling"; blue, "the Poland"; a very deep green, "the Morton"; and a pale drab, "the Freilingshuysen."

HIS HAIR was parted in the middle; his father kept a broker's office in Wall Street; he stopped at Delmonico's at nine o'clock in the morning for a high-priced champagne cocktail; he took a cab to ride a quarter of a mile; and as he got into it he said, glancing at a morning paper, "My gawd, Charlie! if the Democrats elect Samuel J. Tilden Governor, won't that be a dig for Beecher, haw?"

MISS EDNA DEAN PROCTOR has done a very foolish thing in suing Moulton for libel. Only a few people could know whom Moulton meant; but she has volunteered to come out before the world. Lady Godiva was seen by but one man, and his eye withered; if Lady Godiva had gone on the boards at Niblo's she would have been just as pure, but the jests would have been louder, and no eyes would have withered worth a cent.

IT IS A VERY UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCE for the Grand Lodge of the United States of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows to hold its annual session outside the city of Baltimore. Last year it decided to assemble at Atlanta, Ga., and, accordingly, on the 22d of September, the members dispensed fraternal greetings to the South from that historic city. The M. W. Grand Sire, Dr. Cornelius A. Logan, was not present, his duties as United States Minister to Brazil rendering it impossible.

THE GRANGER'S RULE OF THREE—one-third corn, one-third cotton, one-third small grain—bids fair to work out a thorough industrial redemption for the South. The droughts, the floods, the emancipation of field-laborers, to say nothing of the pests that ravage the agricultural districts, have convinced thoughtful farmers that much profit was sacrificed by growing exclusively one kind of seed. By so dividing large farms that several products may be secured, it is found that there is a far better prospect of a comfortable bank account.

THE NOVELIST who compels us to read his book the second time is our intimate friend. We read him the first time merely to be pleased, and he constantly deceives us with the intricacies of his plot. When we read him the second time, we see his methods, he reveals to us all the little points where we might have discovered his secret, and he seems to tell us, as he goes along, "You know they were to be married thus and so at last; and see how plain it is." Happy be the Thackeray, the Dickens, or the Bulwer, who, in a second reading, makes us his friend.

THE FALL RIVER DISASTER would never have occurred with loss of life if each story of the mill had had an iron balcony, with outside iron, balustraded steps. Yet there are hundreds of mills in this country which are as ill-provided with means of escape as the Granite Mill No. 1 was. Murder by fire is the result of a lack of love for working-people's lives in the civilization of our age. We have splendid combination locks and safety vaults for preserving money; we invent patents for keeping mushrooms and game; our engines for saving property are excellent; but of plans for saving life there are only a few theories in the minds of men who are called crazy patentees.

MR. TILDEN'S nomination for Governor of the State of New York proves more satisfactory than was anticipated. If anybody deserved the nomination, it was Mr. Tilden. Judge Church was an available candidate mainly because his name had been spoken of in connection with the office for many years. But he dilly-dallied so long that he deservedly lost the candidature. The argument that Mr. Tilden will lose the support of old friends of the Tammany Ring is a poor one, and indeed a very wicked one. Why should the Democratic Party in New York State make a nomination to please the followers of the old ring? They are not to be thought of. They should go up to the candidate; the candidate should not go down to them.

THE COMPULSORY SCHOOL LAW passed by the New Jersey Legislature last Winter has been in operation long enough to prove very unsatisfactory both to parents and school authorities. It provides that all children between certain ages, except those whose mental or physical condition will not permit, shall attend a public or private school at least twelve weeks each year, six being consecutive, in the county where the parents reside. If this law is enforced, parents will either have to cease sending their children to preparatory seminaries, or move into the county where they are located. Again, the law cannot be executed because if its strict provisions are carried out the present facilities will not accommodate one-third of the number of children.

JUDGE BEDLE puts himself in a very awkward position. He should resign. He is a much better candidate than Mr. Halsey, but he has no business to be both a candidate and a judge. We know him well enough to say that he would by no means allow his political situation to interfere with his duties on the bench. He would to-morrow sentence the greatest Democrat in the State to the highest penalty of the law if that Democrat deserved such a sentence. But it is public opinion that a judge should not be a judge while he is running for another office; and good a man as Judge Bedle is, he is not good enough to have any special privileges. He openly declared that he did not seek the office, and that if elected to it he would not decline it; but the moment he accepted the candidature of the Convention he entered partisan politics just as surely as if he were making stump speeches.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S PRAYER TEST, which consists of a multitude of the faithful joining in one prayer that Providence may lay aside its will in doing all things well and in a proper time, and vouchsafe special and immediate service, was taken up by Episcopal, Methodist and other denominations during the past two weeks—the object of the petitions being rain. Apropos of this, a Dublin clergyman, Thresham Gregg by name, claims to have discovered that death, disease, and their concomitant evils, may be mitigated by a particular style of devotion. Failing to impress his flock with the necessity of recognizing the continual sacrifice alluded to by Daniel the prophet, he has petitioned, not the Lord, but the House of Lords, to appoint an experimenting committee, that shall make the people pray as he desires, whether agreeable or not.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS of Indiana has just made a speech in which he takes the ground that the bad characters of some of the men who signed the Republican Address must affect that document; that the old Democratic régime was pure and unpretentious; that the Republicans do not commit themselves to a positive plan for transportation; that the State has a right to regulate the management of its own corporations, railroads; that he, Governor Hendricks, desires a return to specie payments, but that only an increase of exportations can bring back to us the gold and silver we require to take the place of paper; that the first contract of the Government with bondholders promised redemption in greenbacks, but that a subsequent unnecessary volunteer act made the promise for gold, and that the act is binding; and that the Civil Rights Bill pending before the House is an effort for centralization which should not be allowed. The speech is an excellent and temperate one, and is worthy of the great statesman who uttered it.

NAVAL OFFICERS for the MERCHANT MARINE, as proposed by the Pacific Mail Steamship Line, are not to the liking of the *Alta California*. It argues that fidelity, bravery and experience should form the elements in the crucial test for fitness to command. The Company, like others, has for years had in training a corps of officers who are thoroughly acquainted with the details of the merchant service. Their responsibility is greater in an hour of danger than those brought up in the navy, because of the limited assistance they can summon. They are generally short-handed in able seamen; hence each has triple work to perform. To replace those who have fought the perils of the route and brought the passage to one of acknowledged safety would be unjust to hundreds of men whose records of personal daring and competency have been duly emblazoned on the books of the Merchants' Exchange. If naval officers are employed, a sudden political emergency would cause a revocation of the orders of detachment, and the merchant service would be instantly deprived of skillful, reliable navigators.

THE CAPITAL AND LABOR QUESTION is again under consideration in New Orleans, a favorite text when Governor Kellogg remains quiet a week. Owing to indiscreet combinations among workmen, the city came near losing the business of ship repairs; riot and bloodshed resulted from the attempt of negro longshoremen to obtain higher wages than prevailed elsewhere, and in the field the same influence forced employers materially to reduce not only the ability to pay, but the current rates of wages for all industrial labor. It is claimed that by reducing the chances of prosperity, the laborers, at their own cost, diminished the rewards of industry and became sharers in burdens which at first were supposed to fall entirely upon the shoulders of their employers. A recent note in the London *Speciator* on this subject, alluding to the proposed granting (in England) of an acre of land to each effective man, in addition to wages, as a compromise between the farmer and the laborer, mentions the case of a firm that had done this. The result was that all hands were thoroughly contented, and resisted every attempt by dissatisfied agitators to force them into unprofitable strikes.

A NEW EMIGRATION to the UNITED STATES is in a fair way of being accomplished, which will tend to develop the resources of Alaska as well as furnish a considerable increase of hardy toilers to our national population. A committee of three persons, chosen by the people of Iceland, is now in this country looking for a habitation for the entire people of that ancient island. A war-vessel has been promised these *avant couriers* for the purpose of inspecting the coast of Alaska. They claim that

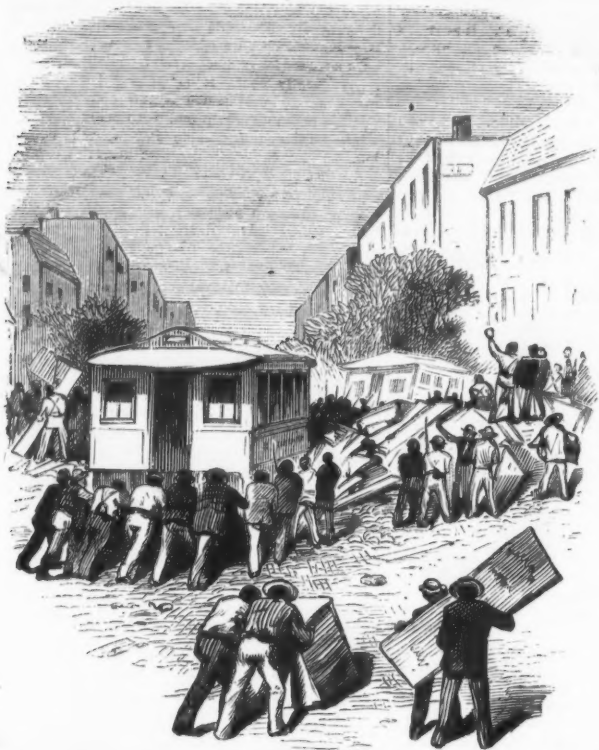
by reason of climatic changes their native home is no longer suitable for a residence; that it has become too barren to offer the usual opportunities of deriving a comfortable living, and that starvation is prevented only by securing from other lands the bare necessities of life. Alaska, they feel assured, is sufficiently cool. It is preferred to Canada, where a strong influence is now endeavoring to attract them. They promise to work the fisheries, supply the Pacific States with lumber, build ships as in former times at home, raise cattle and other commodities, and lastly, furnish through their children a body of sailors for the Pacific Coast trade. They are poor but determined, and wish, if the Government will grant them the necessary assistance, to inaugurate the emigration at once.

CONCERNING THE INDEPENDENTS, and our recent article on the subject, the Milwaukee *Journal of Commerce* becomes very indignant, and scores us deliberately and acutely. We said that the Republican Party "learns nothing," but we said so in regard to its opponents. Its blunders have been the blunders of arrogance and pigheadedness. But Mr. Chittenden and ourselves cannot agree on the term to apply to the Grange management of railroads. He says the Grangers are trying to add just the tariff of fares and freights; we say they are trying to make the railroads sell their wares for less than cost. We are very glad that Wisconsin Independents like good politicians, not of Mr. Carpenter's kind, but the regular hay-seed sort. Mr. Chittenden's article justifies our saying that the Independents have no purpose. His article shows none. And what does he mean by saying such incongruous things as these: "We agree, however, that the Wisconsin movement 'can never become a broad national organization.' The 'reform party' never aimed to become such. It did aim, and succeeded in its aim, to found a movement on principles that must constitute the basis of a future national party. Parties are not made, but grow. 'Independent movements' are their first manifestations of life. The Republican Party had its origin in Wisconsin, and we should not be surprised if the reform party of Wisconsin should, under that or some other name, likewise become national." If it can never be "a broad national organization," how can it be a movement that must constitute the basis of a future national party? Will it make principles for another race of people to organize upon? It is as plain as day that if the new party ever becomes a winning national party, it will be by the support of Republicans, and that it will be the Republican Party, plus a new name, and minus a few leaders. We ought to say, in regard to the local question in Wisconsin, that Mr. Chittenden, living in that land where the hope-vine twineth, must have his opinion respected.

SPIRITISM.

THE SPIRITS STILL LIVE. In reply to our article on "Spiritism," a gentleman connected with the Press of New York City writes thus:

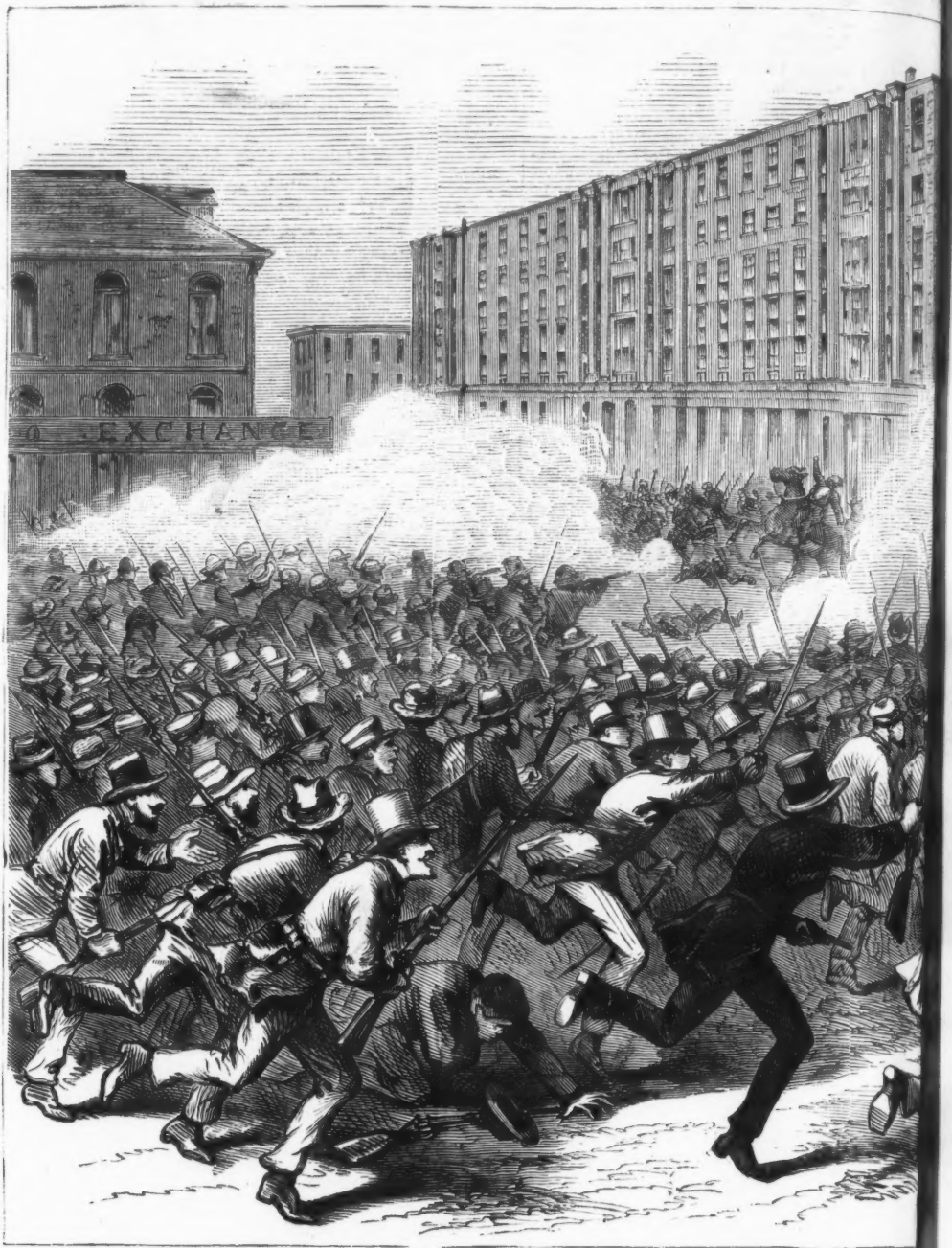
"I have no inconvenient nerves; I am not given to exalted spasms, and have but one healthy set of brains with which I do all my own thinking and believing, etc. In relation to unexplained phenomena, alleged to be supernatural, neither Professor Tyndall nor Professor Crookes, although in direct opposition to each other, can think or believe for me, any more than they can do my breathing, or satisfy my hunger by eating my dinner. In this region of research, speculations or simple theories are not worth a button. When I went to investigate the subject, I asked for a 'ghost' or some physical manifestation palpably beyond the reach of human agency, and upon this basis and on various occasions in broad daylight, I tested the mediumistic powers of Dr. Henry Slade, of this city, with the following results: I have entered his rooms at ten o'clock in the forenoon, with my wife, and while we three were seated apart, I saw a hand, not belonging to any visible being, take a handkerchief from my wife's lap and disappear with it instantly. It was subsequently returned in a manner quite as mysterious. I have seen a similar detached hand abstracting the watch from my pocket, and subsequently bearing away some private papers from me, which it placed in my wife's possession; all of which were restored to me again through the same agency. I have heard and seen a common accordion playing 'The Last Rose of Summer' when the keys rose and fell without the intervention of any visible agent; and I have seen material substances moved and carried through the air without human contact. I have taken a common schoolboy's slate into my sole possession, and after a scrap of pencil had been placed on it, and while I held it firmly, and apart from every soul present, it was written on by some unseen power—every stroke being felt by me, and heard as distinctly as if I had made it myself. I have cleaned a large double slate, with hinges, which on being closed, with a similar scrap of pencil placed inside, was laid on a table in full view, and which was filled on both the inner sides, to overflowing, with a philosophic communication in a fine, bold hand, and with the lines so straight and wonderfully equidistant as to create additional amazement, were such possible. During the time that this communication was being written, no hand approached the slate; and the noise made by the pencil in writing, dotting the i's and crossing the t's, etc., was heard distinctly to the very last letter—at the termination of which it was found, when the slate was opened; the upper side having evidently been written on first. I have seen materialized forms representing those whom I knew to have been dead for years, and have had questions answered in my ear by voices out of the empty space at my side, which could not have emanated from any one present, inasmuch as the questions were mental, and the answers impossible to any mundane intelligence outside my own family. Now, your readers may think just as they please about all this; but if they should, as they ought to do, question my truthfulness, or the soundness of my judgment, all I can say is, let them investigate for themselves as I have done for myself, and form whatever opinions they choose in the premises. It will, however, be well that the manner of their hostility to these few simple facts, should they indulge in any, be somewhat guarded; as, no matter how incredulous they may be, I can produce forty reputable gentlemen, embracing scientists, bankers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, soldiers, philosophers, statesmen, authors, and even editors, who will swear that I have stated nothing more than they themselves have witnessed, with the same medium, under test conditions."



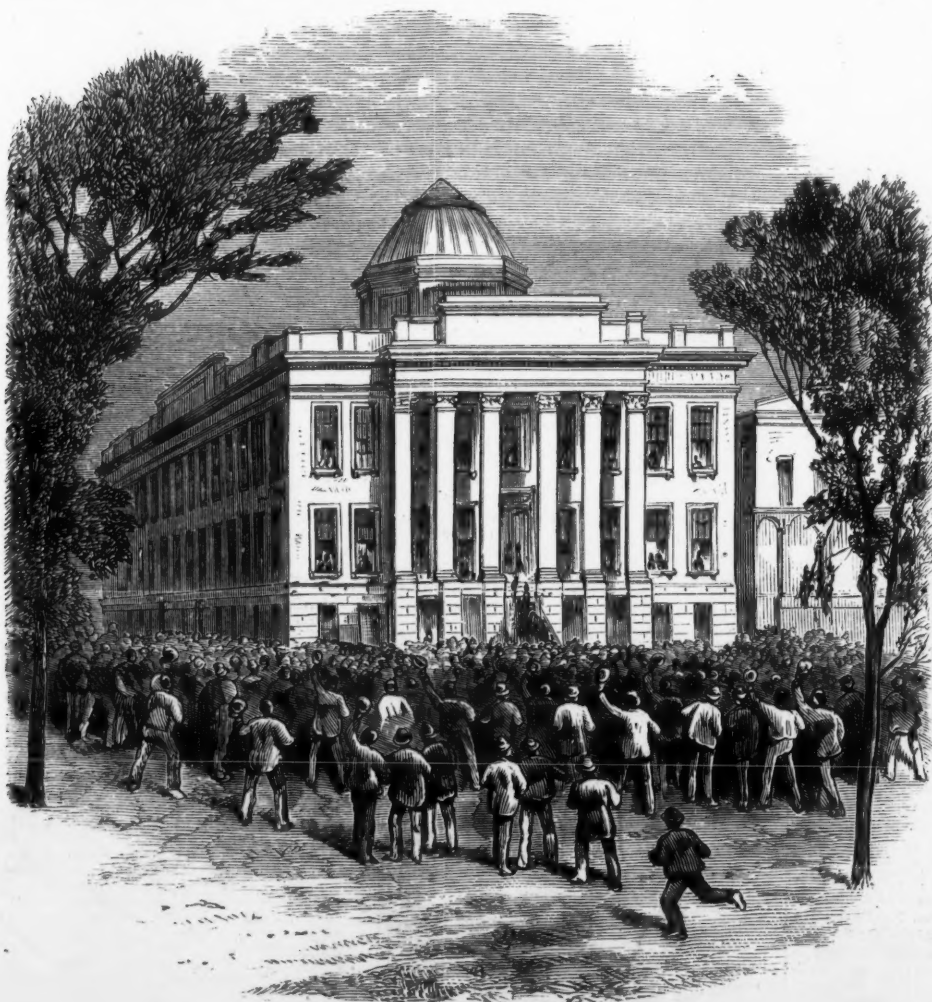
CITIZENS ERECTING A BARRICADE OF STREET-CARS AND BILL-BOARDS ON CANAL STREET.



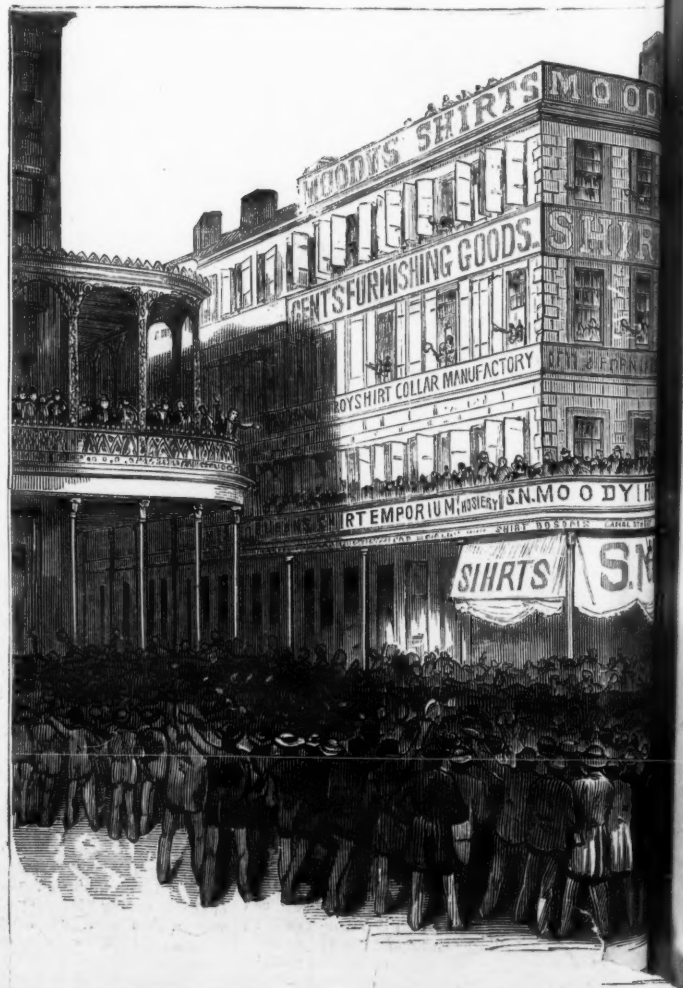
MR. R. H. MARR ADDRESSING THE WHITE CITIZENS AT THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL.



THE METROPOLITAN POLICE

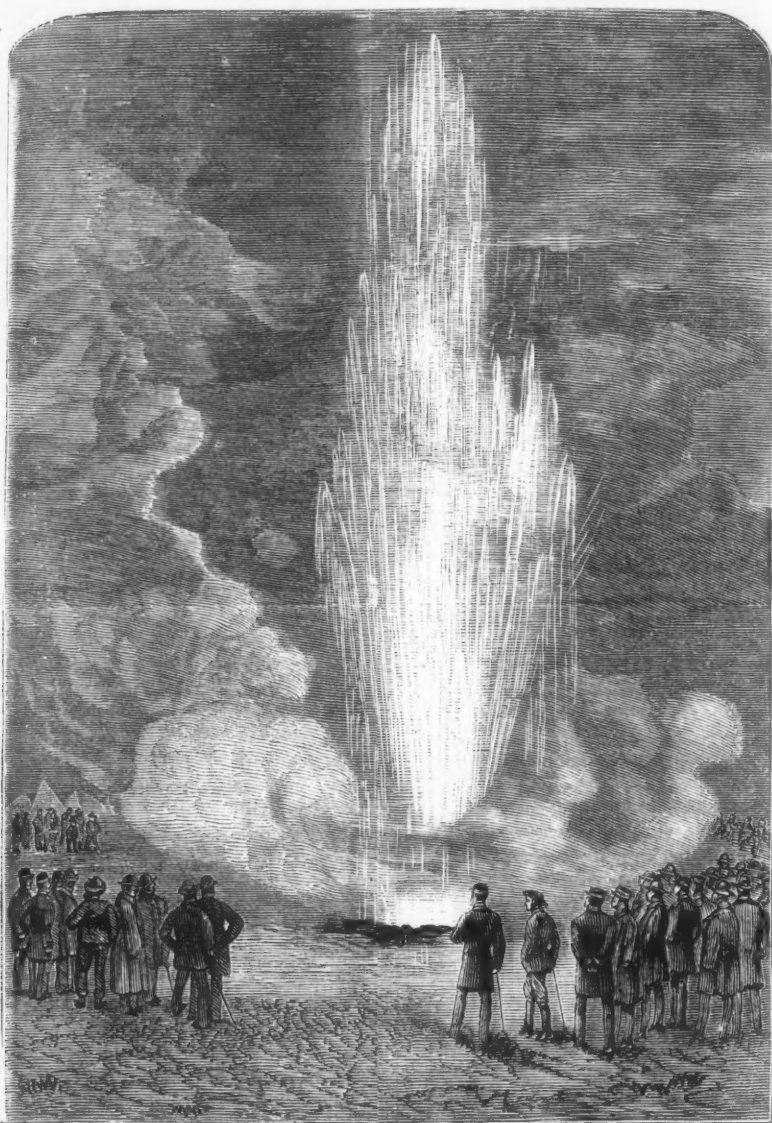


THE SURRENDER OF THE STATE HOUSE TO THE WHITE LEAGUE.



CITIZENS' MASS MEETING IN O

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



ICELAND.—THE KING OF DENMARK VIEWING THE STOKER GEYSER.



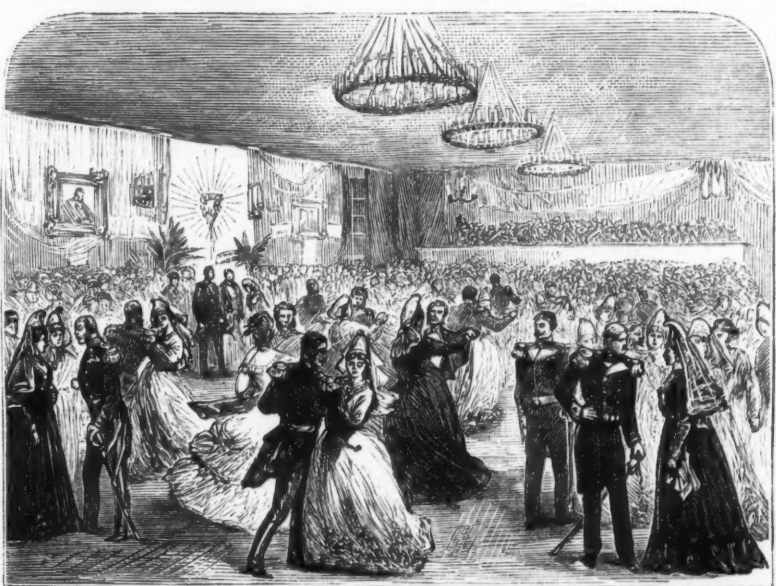
WAR IN SPAIN.—CAPTURE OF THE OTEIZA REDOUBT BY GENERAL MORIONES.



GERMANY.—AUTUMN TRAVEL ON THE RHINE BOAT.



ENGLAND.—THE HORSE-MARKET AT ISLINGTON.



ICELAND.—BALL GIVEN BY THE ICELANDERS IN HONOR OF THE KING OF DENMARK AT REKJAVIK.



CAMBODGE.—THE GRAND ROAD LEADING TO THE MONUMENT OF PONTROY PRACAN.



SCOTLAND.—AUTUMN TRAVEL UP AND DOWN BEN LOMOND.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON.

(Continued from page 60.)

The Tipperary men would have grined had they been told that they were surrounded by twenty-two souls. They knew as much of theology as a laughing jackass did; but, had they been put to it, they certainly would have denied, with powerful emphasis, that Chinamen have souls. They saw around them twenty-two pasty faces, and twenty-two bodies dressed in blue dungaree; had the Chinamen turned their backs, the Tipperary men would have seen twenty-two pig-tails dangling from the crowns of the Chinamen's heads, and trembling responsively from agitation. One Tipperary man was hanging between heaven and earth, with his foot in a bucket; a second was letting him down the shaft, so that there were four Tipperary men left to confront twenty-two Chinamen. Long odds; but they did not seem to think so, did not seem even to consider that there was the slightest danger. Certainly they played with their knives, but they played with them carelessly, without the slightest notion that they might be required for the cutting-up of Chinamen instead of the cutting-up of tobacco. These Tipperary men—or, as they should be more properly called, Tipperary boys—looked upon Chinamen as the scum of the earth, as so many cattle. And the Chinamen, in this instance, really did behave as though they were dirt beneath the feet of the Tipperary boys. They screamed, they expostulated, they flashed their fingers in each other's faces, but not in the faces of the Tipperary boys; but they did nothing more. The Tipperary boys, scarcely looking at the Chinamen, calmly sucked at their pipes.

Suddenly a great screeching was heard at the bottom of the shaft, which might have come from twenty hungry and venomous cats let loose upon one another; the Chinamen made a movement towards the shaft, but did not approach close enough to mingle with the Tipperary boys. The screeching continued, and an Irish oath or two, heartily uttered, gave it variety. A voice was heard from below, calling but one single word:

"Up!"

The moment this word was uttered, the man at the windlass worked at the handle and began to wind up the rope. There was a heavy weight at the end of it, but the muscles of the Tipperary boy were equal to greater emergencies, and he turned the handle slowly and easily, until there came in view the shaven head of another Chinaman, and then an antique, weakened face, in which wrath and dismay were strongly expressed. The man at the windlass, stooping, clutched with his left hand the collar of the antique Chinaman, and pulling him out of the bucket, flung him among his companions, who instantly recommenced screaming and chattering and gesticulating with as much vehemence as ever, and as though their tongues had just been loosened for the first time for twenty years. The new arrival was much older than his companions; their faces were large and expressionless, his was small and vivacious; theirs were smooth, and looked as though they were made out of dirty dough; his was lined and wrinkled, and looked like an old and elaborate carving; their eyes were mild and fishlike; his were full of dark fire. He seemed to be inciting his mates to open resistance; his fingers flashed the numbers of friends and foes as his tongue uttered them—five to twenty-three; he even drew partly out of his sheath a long, thin, glittering knife—but nothing came of it, for one of the Tipperary boys, observing the action, caught him instantly by the neck, dragged him from the midst of his companions, wrested the knife from his hand, and hurled him far away on the other side of the Chinamen. It was the work of an instant, and the twenty-three Mongolians—twenty-two on one side, one on the other—looked on, cowed and trembling.

What had occurred at the bottom of the shaft is soon told. The Tipperary boy, when he landed on terra firma, and stepped out of the bucket, found the antique Chinaman busily at work in the gutter, where the gold was found. The intruder made short of it, trying pacific means first. He pointed to the rope and the bucket, and motioned to the Chinaman that he was wanted above. The Chinaman shook his head, and did not understand. The Tipperary boy seized him, placed him by main force in the bucket, and then called to his mate to haul up. After this, a tussle was let down the shaft, and the depth measured; then the man below busied himself in tracing the bearings of the gold gutter, its dip and direction, and what was the nature of the earth above and below it. Having satisfied himself upon these points, he half filled the bucket with the auriferous soil, and was pulled to earth's surface. "All right, mates," was all he said. Then he took a tin dish which belonged to the Chinamen, and filling it with the earth he had dug out of the gold gutter, walked towards the creek, followed by his mates and the Chinamen. He washed the earth carefully and dextrously, and with experienced hands; all of them looked on, animated by various feelings, as he sawing the dish round and round. Soon the gold came into view, dotting the lessened earth brightly, like stars in a dirty sky; little by little all the earth was washed away, and the pure gold lay in a little heap in a corner of the tin dish. One of his mates pulled out a pair of gold scales, and the gold was weighed.

"Four pennyweights to the dish," he said.

"How thick is the wash-dirt?" asked one, of him who had been below.

"About two feet and a half," was the reply.

Hurrah! It was a fortune if they could get claims in the gutter. The Chinamen waited anxiously. What were their enemies now about to do? The man who had washed the gold held it towards the rightful owners.

"M'tenty gold, John," he said with a laugh.

Somewhat more satisfied as to the honesty of the intentions of the Tipperary boys, they nodded their heads violently enough almost to shake them off, and found their tongues.

"Yes, yes, M'tenty gold! Englishman welly good man. Englishman get M'tenty gold!" And pointed to some distance, with tempting fingers, to show where gold was sure to be found in larger quantities.

"All right, John," they said; "we don't want your claims. We only want to find out the lay of the gutter."

The Chinamen, understanding now the English language, of which they were before so ignorant, became gratefully effusive. The old man darted forward to take the four pennyweights of gold.

"Stop, though," said a Tipperary boy, the lawyer of the company; "have ye got Miner's Rights? Where's your Miner's Rights?"

Without their Miner's Rights—which, it may be necessary to explain, were parchment grants from her Majesty the Queen, to mine the soil for gold, at the rate of one pound per year per man—the claims which the Chinamen were working were not legally theirs, and could be taken from them at a moment's notice.

In reply to the query, twenty-three hands were thrust into twenty-three blue dungaree bosoms, and twenty-three pieces of parchment were waved triumphantly in the air. The gold was returned to them, and the Tipperary boys marked out claims

for themselves on the line of the gutter, and were fortunate enough to hit the mark. The next day more men arrived on the ground, and in less than three months the township of Silver Creek was formed. Diggers and traders flocked there from all quarters, and a strangely mixed crew were soon assembled together.

II.

HOW BABY OBTAINED HER SHARE IN THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

SILVER CREEK could soon boast of its newspaper, of course; and, equally as a matter of course, it could almost as soon boast of its rival newspaper. In the High Street there were salerooms and sale-rooms, banks, hotels and restaurants, billiard-rooms, clothing and provision stores, and a store with "Pie-office" written over it. This was almost as good as the peripatetic vendor of baked potatoes, upon whose tin can was painted, "The Universal Baked Potato Company (Limited)." The stores drove a roaring trade; flags waved gayly over them; a continual stream of people was flowing up and down. It was like a fair. Here were two Chinamen bearing a pole on their shoulders, in the centre of which dangled, head downwards, a pig at the end of a rope, with its four feet tied in one knot. (When the Chinamen gets to Paradise he hopes to eat roast pig for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper, through all eternity.) Here were half-a-dozen diggers in great thigh-boots, dragging a jibbing horse along for their puddling machine, cracking their whips and leaping here and there in sympathy with the antics of their wild purchase. Here were American wagons, with handsome teams of horses, and bullock-draws yoked by patient long-suffering cattle, the drivers of which were unloading their stores. Here was a negro with his gleaming teeth, and his face alight with humor, badgering a perplexed Mongolian, and a crowd of noisy diggers around them urging him on and laughing. The negro was proving by the most absolute and logical of arguments that he had a perfect right to enjoy the privileges of Silver Creek township, and that the Mongolian was an interloper. "A foreigner, sah!" and had no right there at all. Here was a heavy dray creaking along, loaded with portions of the first quartz-reeling machine which Silver Creek could boast of; and all along the road were men buying boots and clothes and picks and long and short-handled shovels, and bars of steel, and powder and fuse, calling out to one another heartily the while. It was a scene filled with life and color.

Among the new arrivals, of whom hundreds flocked into the township every day, were some dozen men and women, who came in dusty and weary with the toils of the road. They had traveled more than a hundred and fifty miles, being attracted to Silver Creek township by the news of its wonderful prosperity. They were a common-enough-looking troop, and did not seem like traders or gold-miners. They had with them a dray drawn by one horse—a poor weak-kneed creature, to whom existence seemed to be a burden as he toiled painfully along with his load behind him. What this load was could not be seen, for the dray had a tarpaulin over it; upon the tarpaulin were seated three women. The first who calls for notice, by virtue of her position, was a stately person, probably about thirty-five years of age; her complexion was dark, and in her face was an expression which might be said to be stamped upon it, and which represented all the tragic passions in little; she bore herself loftily in more senses than one. The second, about twenty-three years of age, was a nice-looking widow, with a pretty baby in her arms. The third was a beautiful girl, of some eighteen or nineteen summers. The men, who were all much sunburnt, walked along by the side and in the rear of the dray, and looked curiously about them, and then at one another, with an air of "This will do." The eyes of one of the party, the eldest, a man of over sixty years of age, were expressive of something more than curiosity; anxiety was plainly there, but presently this latter vanished, and bright twinkles took their place. He rubbed his hands joyously.

"It looks well," he said.

He was the chief of the party, which was nothing less than a company of actors and actresses come to open the first theatre in Silver Creek. They had formed themselves into a joint stock company, and were to divide profits in proportion to their abilities. There were twelve in the party, not reckoning the baby, and the number of shares in the company were thirty-six. These, after much anxious discussion and deliberation and some display of the peacock's chief attribute, were distributed thus:

	SHARES.
1. Tragedian, light comedian and stage manager, playing the lead in everything	4½
2. Heavy man	3
3. First old man	2½
4. Second old man	1½
5. First low comedy	3
6. Second low comedy	3
7. Walking gentleman and treasurer	3
8. Supernumerary	1
9. Juvenile lead and general utility, scene-painter, acting manager and general director	4½
10. Leading lady	4½
11. First old woman	3
(There was no second.)	
12. Chambermaid (who could sing and dance)	2½

These proportions being settled, they jogged along comfortably, dreaming of full purses; but on the second day the First Old Man drew attention to the circumstance that although there were thirty-six shares in the company, only thirty-five had been allotted. The Walking Gentleman, who, as treasurer, was looked upon as the arithmetician of the company, and was the great authority in figures, instantly began to reckon up, for the fifty-seventh time, and made the number of shares thirty-seven; he tried again, and made thirty-four; tried again, and made them thirty-eight. Then, in desperation, he said that the First Old Man had "discovered a mare's nest," and that the figures were quite right—thirty-six shares in the company, and thirty-six allotted. Hart in a tender point, the First Old Man began again to pencil and reckon, and, after achieving a dozen different results, came back to his original discovery, and stuck to his guns like a man. Thereupon high words ensued between the Walking Gentleman and the First Old Man, and the matter was referred to the arbitration of the other ten, who immediately set to work to settle the dispute. The results they produced were extraordinary, varying from seventeen to fifty-two; the highest and the lowest totals being accomplished by the First Old Woman (who, to prove the general fitness of things, should have been the First Old Man's wife, but, in proof of the general unfitness of things, she wasn't) and the singing and dancing Chambermaid.

"I make it fifty-two," said the First Old Woman, in a despondent tone, "and what's to become of us I'm sure I don't know." She said this in a tone which denoted that the salvation of the company was imperiled.

"Fifty-two!" exclaimed the singing and acting Chambermaid, with a melodious laugh. "Why, my dear, it's only seventeen!"

The matter was so serious, and everybody be-

came so positive, that in a very short time they were all wrangling and disputing. Nothing was clear but one thing: that if these actors and actresses were a fair sample of the profession they represented, then very few actors and actresses are blessed with a genius for figures.

"This is a bad commencement," frowned the Heavy Man, as was becoming in him; frowns were his special privilege.

The Supernumerary was the only indifferent person; his being the lowest share and represented by the simple figure 1, he considered himself safe. Besides, he was a neophyte, who had fully made up his mind to rival the elder Kean one of these fine days; he was content, in the meantime, to wait and suffer. Suffering was the badge of all his tribe.

A happy thought entered the mind of the eldest man of the party, whose shares, represented by 4½, were set against No. 9, General Utility, Scene-painter, Acting-manager, etc.

"I have it!" he cried, slapping his thigh with the vigor of a younger man.

The others looked doubtful, but listened with attention, for he was one whom they all respected and regarded with affection.

"It is easily arrived at," he continued; "let us take thirty-six shillings, which will represent the thirty-six shares, and give each his proportion. Then, if there is no money left, no mistake has been made."

This proposal was received with laughter and applause, the largest demonstrations coming from those whose pockets were bare of shillings. For, truth to tell, these heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin were impecunious. This circumstance is not uncommon; the condition is almost chronic in the Profession.

"Contributions!" cried the Acting-manager, pulling out of his own pocket no fewer than seventeen shillings—a very Ceresus he.

Others gave timidly, hesitatingly, grudgingly, doubtfully, for the risk was not small. The Heavy Man had nothing to give; the Second Old Man the same contribution; the Supernumerary the same. The Treasurer, as became a "Walking Gentleman," was light of heart as he was of pocket; he looked forward with hope, rich argosies were before him. The First Old Woman produced a plethoric purse, which proved, however, to be stuffed, not with bank-notes, but with critical notices of her abilities as the first of First Old Women. She managed to get together a sixpence and two fourpenny pieces, which she handed to the Acting-manager, asking for twopenny change. He gave her the demanded twopenny, and was haunted by visions of future complications. The Leading Tragedian contributed three shillings, the whole of his wealth. The First Old Man produced four shillings, saying, "I give thee all—I can no more"; but he had money concealed. "Who steals my purse steals trash," observed the First Low-Comedy Man, tossing a bad shilling to the Acting-manager. In due time the full complement of thirty-six shillings, representing thirty-six shares, lay in the Acting-manager's palm. He apportioned them to the cry of "The ghost walks!" Four-and-sixpence to the Leading Tragedian, three shillings to the Heavy Man, and so on and so on, until each had received his share. Then he found he had a shilling left, and by this primitive arithmetic the First Old Man was proved to be right.

The next thing to be accomplished was the difficult task of collecting and re-distributing the shillings which had been advanced. This occasioned some comically distressing scenes. The responsibility fell upon the Acting-manager, who had advanced seventeen shillings. When everybody was satisfied, he had only fourteen shillings left, which he pocketed with a grimace, amid general laughter.

Then, "What's to be done with the other share?" was asked.

It never occurred to these Bohemians that the matter might rest where it was, and that the company could be carried on as well with thirty-five shares as thirty-six.

"Oh, I'll take it," said First Low-Comedy, "rather than that it should cause disturbances."

"Will you?" from other throats. "But I'll take it!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

It threatened to become a bone of desperate contention.

Another happy thought occurred to the Acting-manager. Again he slapped his thigh.

"I have it!" he cried. "Give it to the baby!"

"Bravo!" cried the other ten; the mother remained silent. "Bravo! Give it to the baby!"

"Agreed!" sang the First Low-Comedy Man, in the character of one of "Macbeth's" Witches.

"Agreed!" sang the Second Low-Comedy Man, in the character of another of "Macbeth's" Witches. And,

"Agreed!" they all broke out in full chorus.

Then they filled the woods with the music from "Macbeth," and danced around an imaginary cauldron.

Thus the baby became a share-holder.

It was not the worst of small comedies that this was played in the Australian woods on a blazing Summer's day in January. Many passions and emotions were represented in it in a small way. The curtain falls upon it as the mother tosses her baby in the air, and as the child is passed from one to another to be kissed.

In response to the general applause, which I hope will not be wanting, the curtain is drawn aside again, the weak-kneed horse will be shambling leisurely along, and the Heavy Man will be taking great strides in advance of the others, with the baby on his shoulders, crowing and laughing and flourishing her dimpled fists in the air.

III.

THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE, AND WHAT PART BABY TOOK IN THE PERFORMANCES.

THE news of the arrival of Hart's Star Dramatic Company spread through the Silver Creek Goldfields like wildfire, and every able-bodied man and woman (about thirty of the former to one of the latter, so you may guess what a precious commodity woman was) within ten miles around resolved to pay them a visit. It was really an event in the history of the township; with the exception of casinos, sing-songs, and negro entertainments, there had been no amusements, and the inhabitants looked forward to the opening night with great interest and excitement.

Mr. Hart, who was the originator and guiding-star of the company, was the old man already referred to as the Acting-manager; he was the putty that kept the separate parts of the venture together, for without him the concern would have gone to pieces. It devolved upon him to heal every difference that arose among the members of the company. No sincere this, for Vanity's ruffled feathers had to be smoothed a dozen times a week. In every difficulty he was the one appealed to, and his decision was invariably received with respect, if not with equanimity, for he was known to be a just man. He had led a strange

and wandering life, had been Jack-of-all-trades and master of none, as he himself said, and was in every respect a gentleman. He spoke French and German, and was in other ways well educated; he painted, he sang, he spoke well, and knew how to conduct himself—in other words, he had no low vices, and here he was, an old man, fourteen thousand miles away from the land of his birth, an adventurer, with a purse as lean as Falstaff's. He had been all over the world, and (rare gift) had made friends everywhere; no one had ever been heard to speak an ill word of him. That so old a man, becoming attached to a Star Dramatic Company, should play the Juvenile Lead, will not be wondered at by persons acquainted with the peculiarities of the profession: as little will it be wondered at that the First Old Man was barely out of his teens. The reversals of the proper order of things are common. Was Mr. Hart happy? His eye was bright, his step was light, and his heart was as fresh as a young man's. For the rest, the question will be answered as this story proceeds.

Being in the Silver Creek township, with probably five pounds between them, the first thing to be seen to was the building of a theatre. This was easily accomplished. Directly their arrival and purpose became known, the proprietor of the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle Hotel and Restaurant addressed Mr. Hart.

"You want a theatre to play in," said he.

"We do," said Mr. Hart.

"Is your company a good one?"

"I think I may say it is. Go and look at our women."

"I've seen them. You're a real beauty among them. I'm not a man to beat about the bush, and you look like a man to be trusted."

"Try me."

"I will. I'll build you a theatre at the back of my hotel on the following conditions: You will undertake to play in no other place for three months. You will undertake to play in my theatre for six nights a week for three months, and the entertainment shall not last less than four hours. You will undertake to hand over to me every night one-fifth of the gross money received, that being the rent I shall charge you. You will undertake that you and all of you shall board and lodge at the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle, and to pay me three pounds per week per head for such board and lodging—baby not to count." He concluded abruptly by saying, "That's all."

Mr. Hart, with the mind of a gentleman, debated for one moment, and resolved the next.

"How many people will the theatre hold?"

"A thousand," replied the enterprising hotel-keeper promptly. It was a rough guess; he had not the slightest idea as to the size of the place required for the accommodation of the number.

"How long will the theatre take to build?"

"One week," was the brisk reply.

"Then we can open in ten days," said Mr. Hart.

Within an hour a contract was given for the building of The Royal; within two it was commenced; within a week it was finished; and on the tenth night it was opened. Men never know what they can do till they try; wonders can be accomplished only by saying they shall be accomplished, and setting to work on them. It is grappling with small things that dwarf men's minds; give them a wilderness to conquer, and they rise to the occasion. When I say "them," I mean especially Americans and English; next to them, but not equal to them, the Germans; least of all civilized nations, with capacity to make grand use of such opportunity, the French.

The excitement in Silver Creek was tremendous. Crowds thronged the High Street during the opening day of the Theatre Royal. The Rose, Shamrock and Thistle did a roaring trade. Eight hundred pounds were taken over the bars for drinks before six o'clock in the evening; no drink less than a shilling. Some contemptible rival grog-shop in the vicinity had already reduced the price of a glass of ale to sixpence, but the miners turned their noses up at it. Fabulous prices were offered for the privilege of going into the theatre before the doors were open, and securing seats; the landlord of the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle turned a deaf ear.

"Fair play, mates," he said; "first come, first served; and the devil take the hindmost."

(Which, if the devil did, he would have had a good haul, for the hindmost on that night stood for a thousand at least.)

"Bravo, mate!" the rough diggers cried; "you're the right sort!"

He looked it, as he stood behind the bar, passing the just and merry word, with one eye gleaming cordially on his customers, and the other eye looking sharply after his till, and nothing loath to make his "pile" (or fortune) with his sleeves tucked up, and to boast of it afterwards.

The scene that was witnessed that night within the walls of the new Theatre Royal was one which not many have the privilege of seeing. Before the curtain drew up, there were two hundred and twenty pounds in the drawers. And listen to this with envy, you harassed lessees: there were only three persons admitted within the walls of the Theatre Royal who did not pay; these were the proprietor, and the editors of the two newspapers. Happy theatrical manager! Only two newspaper editors to woo and conciliate! Deducting the landlord's fifth, and the expenses for printing and lighting, there would be not less than one hundred and forty pounds to divide. Why, at that rate, even the baby would have four pounds for her share so curiously acquired. The entertainment was arranged to show off the full strength of the company. A "screaming" farce, to set the audience in good humor (it was not required); a dance by the Chambermaid, not dressed as a chambermaid, be it here remarked; a stirring melodrama; and a two-act comic drama to conclude with. A liberal programme—one which made the proprietor of the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle rub his hands with satisfaction. The actors and actresses, as they came on the stage, were greeted with roars of applause, as though they were already old-established favorites; the very supernumerary, the neophyte who intended to rival the elder Kean, received a round, which made him certain that fame was within his grasp. All through the night, the audience seemed to be anxiously looking out for new faces to give them cordial greeting. The farce was literally a "screaming" farce; if the author of the poor little literary bantling had been present, it would have done his heart good, and he might have had dreams of greatness. When the curtain fell on the farce, it seemed impossible for anything to be more successful; but the dance that followed it eclipsed it. The diggers could not have the farce repeated—although they would have been well content to have it, one fellow actually crying out: "Let's have it all over again, mates!"—but they could have the dance again, and they did, once, twice, thrice, and would have insisted on it again, but that the poor girl stood before them with panting bosom, like a deer at its last gasp, and appealed to them as prettily as her exhaustion would allow her to do. The diggers stood up, waved their billycock hats, and cheered her as she never had been cheered before; and one threw a crown-piece on the stage, and another cried, "I can beat that,

mate!" and threw a sovereign. Then it commenced to rain silver and gold, and the girl stood aside at the wings, half frightened at the shower. It amounted to no less than eleven pounds, which she gathered up in her gauze dress and walked off with, kissing her hand and smiling bewitchingly on the generous givers, who felt themselves well paid for their liberality. (Before the week was out this dancing and singing Chambermaid had forty-two distinct offers of marriage, and the other two ladies of the company each about half as many.) Then came the Tragedian's chance in the melodrama, and good use did he make of it. But decidedly the greatest success of the night was achieved by the smallest member of the company, and in an unexpected way. If any person was to be thanked for it, it was the Acting-manager, Mr. Hart. It occurred in this wise: The Leading Lady dropped a few words, which were construed into an objection to the baby receiving its one-thirty-sixth share of the receipts. The mother (who was the First Old Woman of the company) heard them, and spoke to Mr. Hart with tears in her eyes. The singing Chambermaid stood near.

"The spiteful thing!" she exclaimed.

"Never mind," said Mr. Hart, "we'll get over the difficulty; the baby shall appear in the last piece."

The mother, in astonishment, said that was impossible.

"It is quite possible," answered Mr. Hart, "and shall be done."

"But she'll be asleep, the darling!" exclaimed the mother.

"All the better," was the answer. "She'll have nothing to say. You play in the piece. Now, attend to my instructions;" and he forthwith gave them to her.

In the drama, the mother, who really played the part of a mother, had to sit at a table for five or six minutes, sewing, and speaking perhaps a dozen words, while the action of the piece was being carried on by two characters who occupied the front of the stage. Mr. Hart, in this scene, placed the cradle on the stage, with the baby in it. When the mother went to her seat at the table, she took the baby from the cradle on to her lap. "Why, it's a real baby," cried the diggers, and a buzz of delight ran through the house. Suddenly the baby awoke, opened her eyes, and stared with all her might at the audience, whose attention was now fixed entirely upon the movements of the pretty little thing. The mother raised her to her feet on her lap, and the child, pleased with the light and glitter of the scene, clapped her little hands—one of her pretty tricks—while her face broke out into smiles and dimples. This was enough for the diggers; they laughed, they clapped their hands, they applauded, they cried, "Bravo, young 'un!" as if the baby had performed the most marvelous feats; and when the mother, carried away by her feelings, tossed her baby in the air, who fell into her arms crowing and laughing, this little touch of nature roused the audience to a pitch of the wildest enthusiasm. They called for three cheers for the baby, and three for the mother, and three more on top of those, and some of the men left money at the bars of the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle to buy sweetmeats and cakes for the youngster. "A great success," remarked Mr. Hart; "no one can say now that she is not entitled to her share. It will be as well to repeat the baby every evening until further notice. It will draw." Baby did "draw," and the performances went on bravely. Full houses every night. At the end of the week, after paying expenses, there were nearly six hundred pounds to divide. The money was shared on the Saturday night, after the performances. Mr. Hart, with his share tightly grasped in his hand, walked into his bedroom and locked the door. Then he lit a candle, and out of a small trunk took a little packet of letters and a portrait. He knelt by the bed, and read the letters with slow delight; they were short, and the earlier ones were written in a large straggling hand. He opened the portrait-case, and gazed lovingly on the picture of a beautiful girl: a child, with laughing hazel eyes and light curls. He kissed it again and again; and taking from his share of the money he had received a sum barely sufficient for his necessities, he deposited the balance in a safe corner of the trunk. "For you, my darling, for you," he murmured, speaking to the pretty picture before him. "God preserve and bless you, and make your life happy!" Tears came into his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks; and sweet remembrance brought his darling into his arms, where she lay as she had lain in the last day he saw her, seven years ago. "My darling must be almost a woman now," he mused, with a yearning heart. And so he knelt and dreamed, and gazed at his heart's treasure with loving thoughts. Many a rough, hard life is in this way sweetened and purified.

IV.

MR. HART SEARCHES FOR A GOLDEN REEF.

GOLD was first discovered at Silver Creek in the alluvial soil in the gullies, a few feet beneath the surface. In some cases the metal was picked up on the surface, and tracked into the bowels of the earth. Sometimes the gold gutter ran across great plains, which soon were riddled with holes and covered with hillocks of pipe-clay soil; sometimes it ran into hillsides, where the miners tracked it, until the sinking became too deep for profitable labor, or until the "lead," as it was called, was lost. Some of the richest "patches" of gold that had been found in the colony were found here and there in Silver Creek. In Sallor's Gully, for instance, there was a famous claim where one gold lead crossed another; the fortunate men who happened to light on this rare junction were runaway sailors, and they made no secret of the fact that they washed fourteen hundred ounces of gold out of twelve buckets of earth in one day. In the same week, the man who was working at the windlass (there were only two partners in this concern) began to turn the handle, and found that the weight at the other end of the rope was greater than he anticipated. He knew that it was only a bucket of earth he was winding up, for he heard it bump against the sides of the claim. When he caught sight of the bucket he almost let the handle of the windlass slip from him in his excitement. It was not earth he was hauling up; it was gold; and it proved to be the richest bucket of earth that was found in Silver Creek. It yielded thirteen hundred ounces of the precious metal; no less. The fortunate sailors celebrated the occasion, decorated the claim with as many flags as they could get together, fired off their revolvers for an hour as rapidly as they could load them, bought up all the grog in the gully, and invited all the diggers round about to join them in drinking it. That bucket of gold and dirt was almost the death of them; but they recovered themselves in a day or two, and set to work again soberly and sensibly, and retired, after ten weeks' labor, with a fortune of seventeen thousand pounds between them.

After a time men began to look for gold in the hills. It was settled years ago by the miners that all the gold that was found in the gullies was washed down from the ranges. Before many days had

passed, quartz reefs were found with great lumps of gold in the stone; and one Saturday the principal gold-broker in Silver Creek displayed in his window a mass of stone which could not have weighed less than two hundred pounds, and which was literally studded and veined with gold. It was labelled "From Pegleg Reef," so named because it was discovered by a man with a wooden leg. Then commenced a craze, and everybody went mad on quartz. This brings us to a day when Mr. Hart, who, with his company, had now been in Silver Creek for three weeks, winning money and laurels, was walking over the ranges at some distance from the township, with a short-handled pick over his shoulder, a hammer in his hand, and a "fossicking" knife in his belt. The craze for discovering a quartz reef had infected him, and he was looking for a trail.

Let it at once be confessed that Hart was not his real name; you will meet with him by-and-by at another end of the world, when he will play his part without an *alibi*. He had no particular reason for not using his proper name; except that some years ago when he was obliged to take to the stage for a living he called himself Hart in the bills, and so remained. If you can love this man as you proceed with this story, I shall be glad; for he was a large-souled man, who had never been guilty of meanness. That he was always poor came from the generosity of his nature, which frequent disappointments had not been able to sour; he could never stoop to trickery for money. In his younger days he had frequently been heard to despise money; but I think, now that he was old, his views were beginning to experience a change. Else why should he be now toiling over the hills on this hot, sultry day, with his eyes eagerly bent to the earth, in search of gold?

He came to the ridge of a range, and he passed for a few moments to look back on the township. He could see it clearly from the height on which he stood. The air was still; the heavens were full of beautiful color; the white tents of the diggers shone in the sun. A world in miniature was before him. Gold had lately been discovered in a large plain, which, with its busy life, was stretched beneath him. At the furthest edge of this plain was a dozen puddling machines at work, and two or three dams filled with clear water which had not yet been polluted. The water gleamed and glittered like sheets of burnished silver; the tiny horses walked round and round, yoked to their wheels; the tiny men flitted here and there across the plain, and bent over heaps of auriferous soil; and worked at toy windlasses, with ropes no thicker than thread; thin wreaths of smoke curled from the rear of the tents, where the smallest women in the world were washing and cooking; Liliputians were cutting down trees for firewood with bright sharp axes which were indicated by thin keen flashing edges of light as they were flourished in the air.

Mr. Hart turned his back upon these signs of busy life, and descended the range on the other side. On and on he walked, without discovering any indications of gold, although he paused to crack many a score pieces of the quartz which studded the hills. He smiled curiously at his ill-success. "Well," he mused, as if arguing with himself, "but I should like to find a golden reef. Let me see. A golden reef, yielding say twenty or thirty ounces to the ton. Ah, Gerald, Gerald! don't be greedy. Say fifteen ounces, and be satisfied. A hundred tons—fifteen hundred ounces; six thousand pounds. And then, Home! Home! Home! Ah, my darling, how my heart yearns to you! But you are happy, thank God, and if I never look upon your sweet face, if I never hold you in my arms—" He paused suddenly, with an aching feeling in his breast. "I must see her—I must see her!" he murmured; and stretching forth his arms, cried half seriously, "Come, Fortune, and take me to her!"

He was alone, and no one heard him. For an hour he had seen no evidences of human life about him; Silver Creek township was entirely shut out from view. On he walked, not stopping to chip now, for he thought that he might have a better chance of finding a golden reef if he went further afield. He must have walked fully two miles further, when he saw before him at a distance of a few hundred yards a thick clump of trees arranged by nature almost in a straight line, and entirely obscuring the view that lay beyond it. He plunged into the thicket—for it was no less—and through it, and found himself before another thicket of trees similarly arranged. Between the two thickets there were probably not more than two hundred feet of clear ground. The intervening space was treeless, and the woods between which he stood were of a great height. The light came through the uppermost branches in slanting, devious lines, which, as you moved, darted hither and thither, as though imbued with life. The ground was all in shadow, and so solemn was the stillness and so dim the light in this space, that it seemed like a page out of another existence. Lost in admiration, Mr. Hart paused for a while, and then plunged into the second thicket, and found it denser than the first. In a quarter of an hour he emerged into the open, unobscured sunlight again. Before him rose a vast range covered with quartz. He considered within himself whether it was worth his while to climb this range; the quartz looked tempting, and he had heard that the richest reefs were sometimes found on such heights; it seemed to him as though it had never been prospected. He decided that he would mount the range.

It was a difficult task that he had set himself; the range was longer, steeper than he had imagined, and the day was very hot. He was compelled to stop and rest. "Shall I go to the top, or turn back?" he asked of himself. He was inclined to retrace his steps, until he thought of his darling at home: he took her picture from his pocket and kissed it many times. "I will go up," he said, "to the very top. I might hear one day that a golden reef had been found on the summit of this very hill, and then I should never forgive myself." Little did he suspect how much lung upon that moment of hesitation. Little did he suspect that simply by mounting this hill, the means of bringing into his daughter's life its greatest joy and happiness were to be put into his hands. But even had he suspected, his wildest dream would not have afforded a clue to the manner of its accomplishment; and yet he himself was to be the man who was to bring it about.

He mounted the hill; he reached its summit. Then he found that others had been before him.

A shaft had been sunk; a windlass was erected. Mr. Hart judged from the great hillock of earth by the side of the claim that the pit could not be less than a hundred feet deep. A tree, split in two, was on the ground close by, with its inner surfaces exposed.

Mr. Hart went to the windlass, thinking at first that the claim was a deserted one, for he saw no person on the hill. But the sound of metal upon stone which came to his ears from the bottom of the shaft was sufficient to convince him that his idea was wrong.

A little heap of quartz lay within a yard or two of him. He examined it, and found gold in it. He

took up piece after piece, and in every other piece there were traces of gold. He cast greedy glances, not at the quartz he was examining, but along the brow of the hill, beyond the boundary pegs which marked the area of the prospector's claim. Then, turning, he jumped back with a loud cry, for a man was lying on the ground at his feet, and he had almost trodden on his upturned face. But another thing that he saw held him for a moment motionless from fear.

The man was asleep, and in his hair was moving a long brown reptile, with, as it seemed, numberless legs, which were all in motion, stealthily and venomously. Two slender horns protruded from its head, and behind the horns its eyes gleamed with spiteful fire. Mr. Hart knew immediately that it was a centipede—a very large one of its species—and that its sting might bring death to the sleeper. It had crawled out of the centre of the split tree which lay near, and was now crawling from the hair on to the face of the sleeping man. Taking his handkerchief in his hand for protection, Mr. Hart, with a swift and sudden movement, plucked the crawling reptile from the sleeper's hair, and threw it and his handkerchief a dozen yards away.

"Hallo, mate," cried the man, aroused by the action, and jumping to his feet, "what are you up to?"

He was a young and handsome man, with a noble beard hanging on his breast, and with his hair hanging almost to his shoulders. His eyes were blue, his hair was brown. His skin was fair, as might be seen, not in his face, nor on his neck where it was bared to the sun, but just below the collar of his light-blue serge shirt, the top button of which was unfastened. In age probably twenty-five or six. In height, five feet ten inches or thereabouts; a model of strength, beauty and symmetry. Such a form and figure as one of the old painters would have loved to paint, and as might win the heart of any woman not in love and that way inclined—as most women are naturally.

Impetuous, fiery, aggressive, his first thought was that the stranger had attacked him in his sleep. He did not wait for a second thought, but pulled a revolver from his belt, where it was slung, covered by a leathern sheath, and leveled it at Mr. Hart. In new gold-fields these weapons were necessary for self-defense; like vultures after carrion (although the simile does not entirely hold good), the most desperate characters fly to new gold-fields on the first scent of gold, resolved to get it by hook or by crook.

Mr. Hart held up his hand and smiled deprecatingly.

"I think I have done you a service, young sir," he said. "I saw a centipede crawling in your hair on to your face as you were lying asleep, and I plucked it away. That is all. I was once stung in the arm by one, and was disabled for three months, and I fancied you might not relish a like experience. Your face is far too handsome to be spoiled in that way. If you will lift my handkerchief gently and carefully—I did not care to seize the beast with naked fingers—you will see for yourself."

The young man had no need to lift the handkerchief. The long ugly thing was wriggling out of it; half its body was exposed.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young man, seizing a spade and cutting the creature in a dozen pieces, all of which immediately began to crawl away in different directions, north, south, east and west, with the intention of commencing independent existences.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE KING OF DENMARK IN ICELAND.—On the 7th of August the King of Denmark, accompanied by his suite, went to see the hot springs, which have a singular rumbling sound, and break forth into immense jets about twice a month. The Great Geyser was dormant, but the wrath of Strokr fully compensated for this. A volume of boiling water rose to a height of eighty feet, and continued playing for some twenty minutes amid the most dismal cavernous roaring. Just previous to his departure, the townspeople of Reykjavik honored the King with a ball, which enabled him to see the youth and beauty of the place in their costly and picturesque national costumes.

WAR IN SPAIN.—CAPTURE OF OTEIZA REDOCE.—The national army under General Moriones obtained considerable success in Navarra over the Carlists, who lost twenty-four officers and several hundred privates in the attack upon Oteiza, near Pampeluna. The Carlists were forced to retreat to Villatuerta, while General Moriones, not having sufficient force to follow up his advantage, was obliged to fall back to Tafalla.

AUTUMN ON THE RHINE.—There is a charming exclusiveness in the consultations of the newly organized firm shown in this illustration, such, in fact, as belongs to an exceedingly close corporation. The guide-book says they are making the tour to Switzerland, and skimming the romantic Rhine, but they are unconscious of time and space. The boat is said to correspond with the polyglot company on board: she was invented in America, her engines made in England, the hull built in Holland, and her home on a German river.

THE ISLINGTON HORSE MARKET.—At the northern end of London, a mile or so beyond King's Cross, and near the Pentonville Model Prison and the Caledonian Asylum, is the spacious walled enclosure of the Metropolitan Cattle Market. In this vast paved square, which twenty years ago superseded the old cattle-market in Smithfield, there is room for nearly ten thousand oxen and fifty thousand sheep, made secure by pens and hurdles. A various assemblage of different breeds of those animals, from many distant shires, attended by their owners or drovers, is here exposed for sale. The horse-market is held only on Friday. From Yorkshire, from Suffolk, from Ireland, and from many parts of the United Kingdom, are hither led the animals left unsold at the great country fairs, and mostly of a second-rate or inferior quality, but which may be thought good enough to draw a London green-grocer's cart, or to stagger between the shafts of a crazy four-wheeled cab.

CAMBODGE.—VIEW OF THE GRAND ROAD WHICH LEADS TO THE MONUMENT OF PONTROY PRACAK.—The French have lately sent an expedition of research to Cambodia, and M. Delaporte, the Lieutenant in command, has contributed to the new museum at Compiegne some rare and curious articles. We give a sketch of the grand roadway which leads to one of the monuments of that far-away land, and which was made by one of the officers who accompanied the expedition.

UP BEN LOMOND.—Mountaineering is an exercise wherein the anticipation of the result is more congenial, physically, than the achievement, unless concentrated hard work is the specific object. There is much excitement going up, many slips, much heat, and continual vehement "asides," with equally frequent rests. Coming down is more annoying, because the romance has trickled pretty nearly away with the perspiration. There are more slips, more anxieties, and less to show as profit when the starting-point is reached, than belong to other kinds of excursions.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

The New Jersey Democratic Convention nominated Judge Bedie, of Hudson, for Governor. Governor Dix condemns Mayor Havemeyer's course, but will not remove him. A Tuxbury was nominated in the Democratic Convention of Nebraska for Governor. The Legislature of Kansas had an extra session to relieve sufferers by the grasshopper-plague. In Arkansas the Republican Convention, and adjourned without making nominations. The Civil Rights question was warmly debated in the Tennessee Republican Convention. Ex-Judge Curtis of the United States Supreme Court is dead. The paintings loaned by the Duke of Montpensier to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts arrived safely. The Unitarian Conference was in session at Saratoga. According to decision, the Wisconsin Railroad Law is constitutional. Benton, the District Safe burglar, jumped bail. General Butler has entered the political campaign. The annual agricultural fairs of New York and New Jersey were held at Rochester and Waverly respectively. Governor Dingley was re-elected in Maine, and the Republican majority greatly reduced. Charles Vandevort, Grand Master of Odd Fellows, New York State, died. Rev. Phebe Hanaford was installed as minister of the First Universalist Church, Jersey City. Brownlow will revive the Knoxville Whig. The Massachusetts Historical Society is to receive a gift of an exact copy of that portrait of Washington which was intended for the Stadtholder in 1780, and which was captured, with Laurens, by Captain Keppel, of the British Navy. The tenth annual session of the New York State Good Templars was held last week. There were 1,467 emigrants landed at Castle Garden. The new Ministers from Spain and Austria to Washington were received by the President. An Episcopal Diocesan Convention was opened at Chicago to select a new bishop. Mayor Havemeyer brought out his long promised statement against John Kelly. D. H. Chamberlain was nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of South Carolina. The New York Democratic Convention nominated Samuel J. Tilden for Governor, and William Dorsheimer for Lieutenant-Governor. Fifty persons were indicted for complicity in the recent massacre at Trenton, Tenn. Miss Edna Dean Proctor instituted a libel suit for \$100,000 against "Our Mutual Friend." Cook, the billiard champion of Great Britain, is in New York, and will soon play. One hundred and thirty-four revenue suits were begun by importers against the Government in the District Court of New York, to recover excessive duties paid by them.

FOREIGN.

HAYTIANS are agitating against foreigners. The International Postal Congress will recommend uniform rates of postage. Important points of dogma have been agreed upon by the Old Catholics. The difficulty between Japan and China will be arbitrated by President Grant. President Serrano has received Austrian and German envoys to Spain. A rupture is imminent between Denmark and Germany. The American Transit of Venus expedition has reached the Cape of Good Hope. The Austrian Polar Expedition discovered an unknown land near the 80th degree of latitude. A new draft has been ordered in Cuba. Lord Roseberry was the winner in the Doncaster September races. President MacMahon promised to the Spanish Ambassador friendly co-operation in terminating the Carlist war. The report of negotiations for the cession of Porto Rico to Germany is again positively denied. The troubles which caused the great strike of mill operatives at Bolton, England, have been referred to arbitration. Bazaing's alleged accomplices were placed on trial at Grasse. The expulsion of Danish subjects, and hostile tone of the German press, revive unpleasantly the Schleswig Question. Joan d'Arc is to be canonized at last. The reformatory and industrial schools have caused a considerable diminution of crime in Great Britain.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

MARK TWAIN'S "Gilded Age" is running at the Theatre, New York.

"VENICE PRESERVED" was produced at Booth's Theatre, September 14th.

LOTTA appeared at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week in Zipp.

At Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre the "School for Scandal" was revived last week.

The new Globe Theatre in Boston will be opened December 7th, with Italian Opera.

MR. and MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS began an engagement at Booth's Theatre, New York, September 21st, with "Connie Soogah."

P. S. GILLMORE, with the Twenty-second Regiment Band, succeeds Theodore Thomas at the Central Park Garden, New York.

THE Colosseum was reopened September 14th. "Paris in Flames" was not exhibited, on account of the danger of the necessary amount of fire.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN will appear for the last time on the New York stage at the close of her engagement in Booth's Theatre, to commence October 19th.

MISS SOPHIE FLORA HEILBRON, an English pianiste of renown, will make her first appearance in this country at Steinway Hall, New York, on Thursday evening, October 8th.

MEYERBEER'S "Camp de Silesie," composed for Berlin, with Jenny Lind as prima donna, is to be revived, to celebrate the confirmation of the eldest son of the Crown-Prince of Germany.

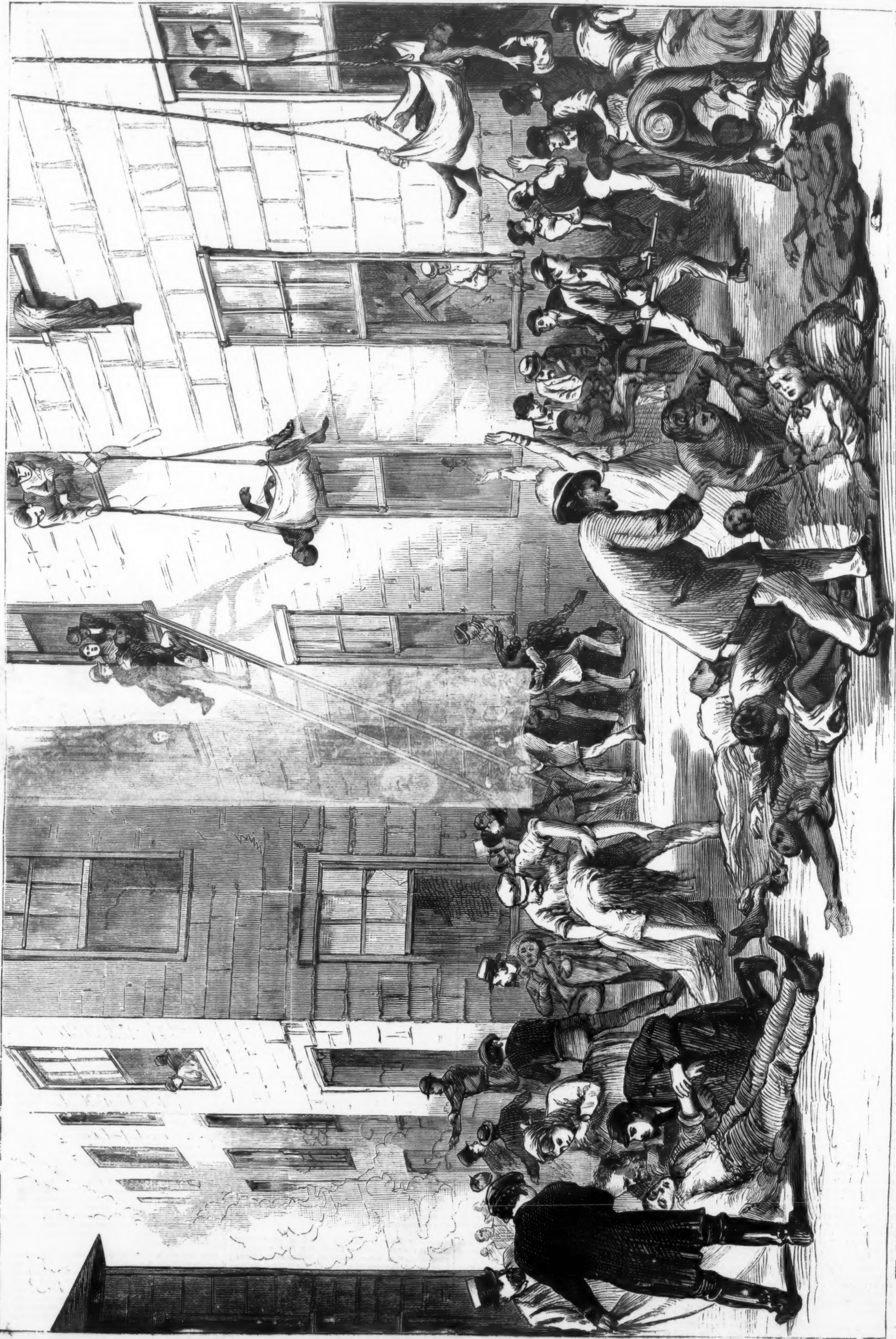
THE English opera company organized by Mr. Carl Rosa includes Miss Rose Hersey, Miss Blanche Cole, Mme. Vaneri, Miss Sinclair, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr. Nordblom, and Mr. Turno.

MME. PATTI is going to create a new part, having accepted the rôle of Virginia in M. Victor Masse's new opera of "Paul and Virginia," which is to be brought out this year in Russia, with M. Capoul as Paul.

MR. DI MURSKA will appear in concert at Steinway Hall on the 24th inst., supported by Mlle. Carreno, pianist; Signor Ferranti, the celebrated buffo; M. Sauver, violinist; Signor Braga, violoncellist, and Signor Marzo, conductor.

MR. ILMA DI MURSKA has collected a troupe for concert purposes in America: M. Braga, the well known violinist; Herr Wilhelm, of Wiesbaden, one of the finest violinists of Germany; Signor Piazza, of Covent Garden, and probably Signor Brignoli; Signor Ferranti is to be the buffo, and Herr Niemann, of Wiemar, the pianist; M. De Vivo is to tempt Providence as an entrepreneur of the troupe.

MISS KELLOGG's English Opera company, under the direction of Mr. Hess, will open the season in Chicago on October 5th. It comprises, besides Miss Kellogg herself, Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt, Mrs. Seguin, Miss Annie Beaumont, Mr. Joseph Mann, Mr. William Carleton, Mr. Edward Seguin, Mr. W. H. Stanley (a new tenor), Mr. Henry Peakes, and the favorite American singers, Mr. William Castle and Mr. S. C. Campbell. Mr. Predigam will conduct the orchestra.



THE FALL RIVER DISASTER.—GREAT FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE IN THE PRINT WORKS, GRANITE MILL No. 1, FALL RIVER, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH.—FINDING THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.

FIRE
A
to
print
River,
and ch
male
as soc
seer o
a crow
on the
and a
and ac
ing fr
was fu
Cott
WOLFE

THE



THE CHILDREN AT THE ELEVATOR, FIFTH STORY.

FALL RIVER DISASTER.

FIRE AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

ABOUT seven o'clock on Saturday morning, September 19th, a fire was discovered in the large print works known as Granite Mill No. 1, at Fall River, Mass. There were over four hundred women and children in the building, besides a number of male operatives. A most intense panic broke out as soon as the flames were discovered. The overseer of the spool-room was quickly surrounded by a crowd of children whom he endeavored to place on the elevator. This, however, would not work, and a rush was made for the windows, stairways and scuttles. The men and boys commenced jumping from the fourth and fifth stories. Every window was full of frenzied operatives. Cotton ropes were hastily provided, and the women began lowering themselves. The flames,

however, burnt several ropes in two while girls were sliding down, thus precipitating them to the ground with fearful violence. Many who sustained only slight injuries in the building were bruised and stunned by having others fall upon them. Only one person out of all who leaped from the windows escaped without being killed or terribly bruised. A boy, evidently twelve years old, jumped from the building and was caught on a mattress.

The hero of the calamity is a young fellow named Bosworth, who lowered one woman on the end of a rope and then took another in his arms and descended safely with her down the same rope to the ground. A moment later and the flames had burned the upper end of the rope so that it was no longer available.

Julia Coffee states that she sat for several minutes on the window-sill of the south end, and by her side was an elderly man, who, when he found

the rope burned in two, started away and disappeared in the smoke. She then grasped the rope and slid down several feet, after which she lost all consciousness and fell to the ground.

The superintendent, as soon as the alarm was given, rushed to the upper story, and, with the overseers, did all that was possible to save life, and when the means provided for escape in the construction of the mill were rendered unavailable by the heat, flames, and smoke, the people on the ground procured beds and mattresses for the poor unfortunates to jump upon, and many did throw themselves from the windows, in almost every case to receive fatal or terrible injuries, for the distance was nearly fifty feet.

It is said that four firemen lost their lives while trying to save some of the women. Morgues and hospitals were speedily improvised; the Mission Chapel near by was taken for one of the latter, and

as fast as one could be picked from under the windows of the mill, stretchers were ready to carry her to either the chapel or the central station.

Parents ran about the crowd of spectators looking for their children, and as soon as found, whether dead or alive, bore them away in their arms. The loss of life was placed at forty, and the number seriously injured was computed to be fully eighty. On machinery and stock the loss will be upwards of \$500,000, on which there is an insurance of \$450,000. The fire burned for about one hour and a half; the combustible contents of the building, with the great area of woodwork, greatly increased the fury of the flames.

We are greatly indebted to the Old Colony Railroad for facilities extended our artists from Boston to Fall River; to Mr. Conners, from Fall River to New York; and E. F. Gray, photographer of Fall River, for valuable services.



PARENTS CARRYING HOME THEIR WOUNDED CHILDREN.



THE LEAP FOR LIFE—BREAKING THE FALL.



BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH—AN OPERATIVE DESCENDING THE ROPE.

THE FALL RIVER DISASTER.—GREAT FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE IN THE PRINT WORKS, GRANITE MILL No. 1, FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19TH.
SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.

TO AN OLD STREET-LAMP.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

I WATCH thee now with meditative mood,
In the old street, noiseless under midnight's spell,
Theof flickering many a midnight hast thou stood,
Poor flickering lamp, the yellow sentinel,
Thine humble flame no rivalry invites;
More than thyself thou dost not care to seem;
Thou art not of the world's most shining lights,
Yet what thou art is of benignant beam!

Farsh blasts that haughtiest waves have reared and
rocked,
Sweeping the untraversed street with lonely roar,
Have paused amid their savage speed and knocked
With frigid knuckles at thy glassy door.
Half-draped in snow-drift thou hast burned obscure;
Innumerable rain-streaks thy dull panes have crost;
And cold hath vested thee uncouth contour
In pale fantastic filigree of frost.

And, ah, the uncounted faces thou hast lit,
Seen but by fleeting intervals before
Each into distance and the dark would flit,
Some to return again—and some no more!
The moneyed autocrat; the beggar meek;
The shambling rag-pick; half a man for mud;
The exhausted work-girl on whose wasting cheek
Blooms the white flower that drinks the toiler's blood.

The young bride, near her lord, all life at rest;
The expectant lover, speeding to his tryst;
The wearied house-drudge, with her babe at breast
And forehead purpled from a brutish fist.
The ruminant poet in his rusty coat;
The thief that shoots to covert in hot flight;
The reveler flinging from audacious throat
A reckless dithyramb on the startled night!

Their hast thou seen, and many another's face,
Since this thy special flame was called by fate
To illumine, from its unclashed bidding-place
These pavements' long monotony of slate.
For now the ladder that first scaled thine height
Is fallen, perchance, to utter rot and rust,
And doubtless the first hand that gave thee light
Knows now the unending quietude of dust!

Hast thou not sometimes heard a bacchanal tongue
Pay the sad slanders worth no honest heed,
While arms about thy rigid pillar clung
With the force friendship of a friend in need?
Yet then, I doubt not, thou wert calm no less,
Though named unstable in delirious strain,
Too proudly conscious of thy steadfastness
For any answer but a dumb disdain!

Patient and unpretensions, with the sweet
Desire alike to live for low and high,
Shine on, old lamp, within the shadowy street
Where fortune hath ordained thy lot to lie!
And may'st thou fade, when time at last shall tell
The gaseous ardor from thy pipe to cease,
Like one that, having done his duty well,
Sinks to oblivion with a brow of peace!

(Concluded.)

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER II.

IN an obscure room of a low and dilapidated lodging-house, in a low and dilapidated neighborhood, there sat a man one evening in the coming twilight: a towering, gaunt skeleton, whose remarkably long arms and legs looked little less than skin and bone. The arms were fully exposed to view, since their owner, though he possessed and wore a waistcoat, dispensed with the use of a shirt. An article, once a coat, lay on the floor, to be donned at will—if it could be got into for the holes. The man sat on the floor in a corner, his head finding a resting-place against the wall, and he had dropped into a light sleep; but if ever famine was depicted in a face, it was in his. Unwashed, unshaven, with matted hair and feverish lips; the cheeks were hollow, the nostrils white and pinched, and the skin round the mouth had a blue tinge. Some one tried and shook the door; it aroused him, and he started up, but only to cower in a bending attitude and listen.

"I hear you," cried a voice. "How are you tonight, Joe? Open the door."

The voice was not one he knew; consequently not one that might be responded to.

"Do you call this politeness, Joe Nicholls? If you don't open the door I shall take the liberty of opening it for myself, which will put you to the trouble of mending the fastenings afterwards."

"Who are you?" cried Nicholls, reading determination in the voice. "I'm gone to bed, and I can't admit folks to-night."

"Gone to bed at eight o'clock?"

"Yes; I am ill."

"I give you one minute, and then I come in. You will open it if you wish to save trouble."

Nicholls yielded to his fate, and opened the door.

The gentleman—he looked like one—cast his keen eyes around the room. There was not a vestige of furniture in it; nothing but the bare, dirty walls, from which the mortar crumbled, and the bare, dirty boards.

"What did you mean by saying you were gone to bed, eh?"

"So I was. I was asleep there," pointing to the corner. "And that's my bed. What do you want?"

Added Nicholls, peering at the stranger's face in the gloom of the evening, but seeing it imperfectly, for his hat was drawn over it.

"A little talk with you. That last sweepstake you put into—"

The man lifted his face, and thrust forth with such eagerness that the stranger could only arrest his own words and listen.

"It was a swindle from beginning to end. I had scraped together the ten shillings to put in it; and I drew the right horse and was shuffled out of the gains, and I have never had my dues, not a farthing of 'em. Since then I've been ill, and I can't get about to better myself. Are you come, sir, to make it right?"

"Some"—the stranger coughed—"friends of mine were in it also," said he; "and they lost their money."

"Everybody lost it; the getters-up bolted with all they had drawn into their fingers. Have they been took, do you know?"

"All in good time. They have left their trail. So you have been ill, have you?"

"Ill! Just take a sight at me. There's a arm for a big man."

He stretched out his naked arm for inspection; it appeared as if a touch would snap it. The stranger laid his hand upon its fingers, and his other hand appeared to be stealing furtively towards his own pocket.

"I should say this looks like starvation, Joe."

"Some at high akin to it."

A pause of unspoken, and the handclasp were clapped on the astonished man. He started up with an oath.

"No need to make a noise, Nicholls," said the detective, with a careless air. "I have two men waiting outside."

"I swear I wasn't in the plate robbery," passionately uttered the man. "I knew of it, but I didn't join 'em, and I never had the worth of as much as a saltspoon, after it was melted down. And they call me a coward, and they leave me here to starve and die! I swear I wasn't in it."

"We'll talk of the plate robbery another time," said the officer, as he raised his hat. "You have got those bracelets on, my man, for another sort of bracelet. A diamond one. Don't you remember me?"

The prisoner's mouth fell. "I thought that was over and done with all this time—I don't know what you mean," he added, correcting himself.

"No," said the officer, "it is just beginning. The bracelet is found, and has been traced to you. You were a clever fellow, and I had my doubts of you at the time. I thought you were too clever to go on long."

"I should be ashamed to play the sneak, and catch a fellow in this way. Why couldn't you come openly, in your proper clothes, not come playing the spy in the garb of a friendly civilian?"

"My men are in their proper clothes," was the equable answer, "and you will have the honor of their escort presently. I came because they did not know you, and I did."

"Three officers to take a single man, and he a skeleton!" retorted Nicholls, with a vast show of indignation.

"Ay; but you were powerful once, and ferocious, too. The skeleton aspect is a recent one."

"And to be took for nothing! I don't know about any bracelet."

"Don't trouble yourself with inventions, Nicholls. Your friend is safe in our hands, and has made a full confession."

"What friend?" asked Nicholls, too eagerly.

"The lady you got to dispose of it for you to the Jew."

Nicholls was startled to incoherence. "She hasn't split, has she?"

"Every particular she knew or guessed at. Split to save herself."

"Then there's no faith in woman."

"There never was yet," returned the officer.

"If they are not at the top and bottom of every mischief, Joe, they are sure to be in the middle. Is this your coat?" touching it gingerly.

"She's a disgrace to the female sex, she is," raved Nicholls, disregarding the question as to his coat. "But it's a relief, now I'm took; it's a weight off my mind. I was always expecting of it, and I shall get food in the Old Bailey at any rate."

"Ah," said the officer, "you were in good service as a respectable servant; you had better have stuck to your duties."

"The temptation was so great," observed the man, who had evidently abandoned all idea of denial; and now that he had done so, was ready to be voluble with remembrances and particulars.

"Don't say anything to me," said the officer. "It will be used against you."

"It all came along of my long legs," cried Nicholls, ignoring the friendly injunction, and proceeding to enlarge on the feat he had performed. And it may as well be observed that legs so long as his are rarely seen. "I have never had a happy hour since. I was second footman there, and a good place I had; and I have wished, thousands of times, that the bracelet had been in a sea of fire. Our folks had took a house in the neighborhood of Ascot for the race week; they had left me at home to take care of the kitchen-maid, and another inferior or two, taking the rest of the servants with them. I had to clean the winders before they returned, and I had druv it off till the Thursday evening, when I got out on the balcony, to begin with the back drawing-room."

"What do you say you got out on?"

"The balcony. The thing with the green rails round it, that incloses the winder. While I was leaning over the rails before I began, I heard something like click—click—click going on in the fellow-room next door—which was Colonel Hope's—just as if light articles of some sort were being laid sharp on the table. Presently two voices began to talk, a lady's and a gentleman's, and I listened."

"No good ever comes of listening, Joe," interrupted the officer.

"I didn't listen for the sake of listening; but it was awful hot, standing outside there in the sun, and listening was better than working. I didn't want to hear, neither, for I was thinking of my own concerns, and what a fool I was to have idled away my time all day till the sun came on to the back winders. Bit by bit, I heard what they were talking of—that it was jewels they had got there, and that one of 'em was worth two hundred guineas. Thinka I, if that was mine, I'd do no more work. After a while I heard them go out of the room, and I thought I'd have a look at the rich things, so I stepped over slanting-ways on to the little ledge running along the houses, holding on by our balcony, and then I passed my hands along the wall till I got hold of their balcony—but one with ordinary legs and arms couldn't have done it. You couldn't, sir."

"Perhaps not," remarked the officer.

"There wasn't no to fall, if I had fell, only on the kitchen leads underneath; leastwise not far enough to kill one, and the leads were flat. But I didn't fall, and I raised myself on to their balcony, and looked in. My, what a show it was; stunning jewel—all laid out there; so close that if I had put my hand inside, it must have struck all among 'em, and the fiend prompted me to take one. I didn't stop to look, I didn't stop to think; the one that twinkled the brightest and had the most stones in it was the nearest to me, and I clutched it and slipped it into my footman's undress jacket, and stepped back again."

"And got safe into your balcony?"

"Yes, but I didn't clean the winder that night. I was upset like, by what I had done; and I think, if I could have put it back again, I should; but there was no opportunity. I wrapped it up in my winder-leather, and then in a sheet of brown paper, and then I put it up the chimney in one of the spare bedrooms. I was up the next morning afore five, and I cleaned my winders. I'd no trouble to awake myself, for I had never slept. The same day, towards evening, you called, sir, and asked me some questions—whether we had seen any one on the leads at the back, and such like. I said that master was just come home from Ascot, and would you be pleased to speak to him."

"Ah!" again remarked the officer, "you were a clever fellow that day. But if my suspicions had not been strongly directed to another quarter, I might have looked you up more sharply."

"I kept it by me for a month or two, and then I gave warning to leave. I thought I'd have my fling, and I became acquainted with her—that lady you've just spoke of—and somehow she wormed out of me that I had got it, and I let her dispose of it for me, for she said she knew how to do it without danger."

"What did you get for it?"

The skeleton shook his head. "Thirty-four pounds, and I had counted on a hundred and fifty. She took her oath she had not helped herself to a sixpence."

"Oaths are plentiful with some ladies," remarked the detective.

"She stood to it she hadn't kept a farthing, and she stopped and helped me to spend the change. After that was done she went over to stop with somebody else who was in luck. And I have tried to go on, and I can't; honestly or dishonestly, it seems all one; nothing prospers, and I'm naked and famishing. I wish I was dying."

"Evil courses never do prosper, Nicholls," said the officer, as he called in the policemen and consigned the gentleman to their care.

"So Gerard Hope was innocent?"

"But how was it you skillful detectives could not be on this man's scent?" asked Colonel Hope of Mr. Pullet, when he heard the tale.

"Colonel, I was thrown off it. Your positive belief in your nephew's guilt infected me; appearances were certainly very strong against him. Miss Seaton also helped to throw me off; she said, if you remember, that she did not leave the room; but it now appears that she did leave it when your nephew did, though only for a few moments. These few moments sufficed to do the job."

"It is strange she could not tell the exact truth," growled the colonel.

"She probably thought she was exact enough, since she only remained outside the door, and could answer for it that no one entered by it. She forgot the window. I thought of the window the instant the loss was mentioned to me; but Miss Seaton's assertion that she never had the window out of her view, prevented my dwelling on it. I did go to the next door, and saw this very fellow who committed the robbery, but his manner was sufficiently satisfactory. He talked too freely; I did not like that; but I found he had been in the same service fifteen months; and, as I must repeat, in my mind the guilt lay with another."

"It is a confoundedly unpleasant affair for me," cried the colonel. "I have published my nephew's disgrace all over London."

"It is more unpleasant for him, colonel," was the rejoinder of the officer.

"And I have kept him short of money, and suffered him to be sued for debt; and I have let him go and live among the runaway scamps over the water, and have not hindered his engaging himself as a merchant's clerk! In short, I have played the very deuce with him."

"But reparation lies, doubtless, in your own heart and hands, colonel."

"I don't know that, sir," testily concluded the colonel.

CHAPTER III.

ONCE more Gerard Hope entered his uncle's house, not as an interloper, stealing into it in secret, but as an honored guest to whom reparation was due and must be made. Alice Seaton leaned back in her invalid-chair, a joyous flush on her wasted cheek, a joyous happiness in her eye. Still the shadow of coming death was there, and Mr. Hope was shocked to see her—more shocked and startled than he had expected or chose to express.

"Oh, Alice! what has done this?"

"That," she answered, pointing to the bracelet, which, returned to its true owner, lay on the table. "I should not have lived many years, of that I am convinced; but I might have been able to live a little longer than I now shall. It has been the cause of misery to many. Lady Sarah says she shall never regard it but as an ill-starred trinket, or wear it with any pleasure."

"But, Alice, why should you have suffered it thus to affect you?" he remonstrated. "You knew your own innocence, and you say you believed and trusted in mine; what did you fear?"

"I will tell you, Gerard," she whispered, a deeper hectic rising to her cheeks. "I could not have confessed my fear, even in dying; it was too distressing, too terrible; but now that it is all clear, I will tell it. I believed that my sister had taken the bracelet."

He uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"I have believed it all along. She had called to see me that night, and was, for a minute or two, in the room alone with the bracelet; I knew she, at that time, was short of money, and I feared she had been tempted to take it—just as this unfortunate servant-man was tempted. Oh, Gerard! the dread of it has been upon me night and day, preying upon my fears, weighing down my spirits, wearing away my health and my life. And I had to bear it all in silence. It is that enforced, dreadful silence that has killed me."

"Alice, this must have been a morbid fear."

"Not so—if you knew all. But it is at an end, and I am very thankful. I have only one hope now," she added, looking up at him with a sunny smile. "Ah, Gerard! can you not guess it?"

"No," he answered in a stifled voice. "I can only guess that you are lost to me."

"Lost to all here. Have you forgotten our brief conversation the night you went into exile? I told you then there was one far more worthy of you than I could have ever been."

"None will ever be half so worthy; or—I will say it, Alice, in spite of your warning hand—half so loved."

"Gerard," sinking her voice, "she has waited for you."

"Nonsense," he rejoined.

"She has. When she shall be your wife, you may tell her that I saw it and said it."

"My darling—"

"Stay, Gerard," she gravely interrupted; "those words of endearment are not for me. Can you deny that you love her?"

"Perhaps I do—in a degree. Next to yourself—"

"Put me out of your thoughts while we speak. If I were—where I so soon shall be, would she not be dearer to you than any one on earth? Would you not be pleased to make her your wife?"

"Yes, I might be."

"That is enough, Gerard. Frances, come hither."

"I thought you were talking secrets," said Lady Frances.

"As we were," answered Alice. "Frances, what can we do to keep him among us? Do you know what Colonel Hope has told him?"

"No; what?"

"That though he shall be reinstated in favor, as to money matters, he shall not be in his affection or his home, unless he prove sorry for the first rebellion of his. I think Gerard is sorry for it; you must help him to be more so."

"Fanny," said Gerard, while a damask flush mantled in her cheeks, deeper than Alice's hectic, "will you help me?"

"As if I could make out head or tail of what you two are discussing!" cried she, as she attempted to turn away; but Gerard caught her to his side.

"Fanny—will you drive me again from the house?"

She lifted her eyes, twinkling with a little spice of mischief. "I did not drive you before."

"In a manner, yes. Do you know what did drive me?"

She had known at the time; and Gerard read it in her face.

"I see it all," he murmured; "you have been far kinder to me than I deserved. Fanny, let me try and repay you for it."

Alice caught their hands together and held them between her own, with a mental aspiration for their life's future happiness. Some time back she could not have breathed it in so fervent a spirit; but, as she had said, the present world and its hopes were closing to her.

"But you know, Gerard," cried Lady Frances, in a saucy tone, "if you ever do help yourself to somebody's else's bracelet in reality, you must not expect me to go to prison with you."

"Yes I shall," he answered, promptly. "A wife must share the fortunes of her husband."

BAGDAD CUSTOMS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Cleveland Herald*, writing from Bagdad, says: "Among the more wealthy, the husband sleeps on a raised bedstead made of wicker-work called *dawrick*. It has a mattress and cushions of silk or cotton, and is covered by a thick quilt, but is without curtain or mosquito-net. The night-air is always dry; towards morning there usually springs up a cool breeze that dies away soon after sunrise. The wife occupies a similar bed, but always on the ground—that is, without a bedstead, and always at a respectable distance from her husband. The children are scattered about on mattresses, and the slaves or servants sleep on mats, but all within sight of each other. In a few houses there are low parapets dividing off the sleeping apartments, but these are rare, and probably occupied by Europeans. In retiring, the natives do not divest themselves of the clothing worn during the day, except to lay aside the outer robes. After rising, the husband performs his devotions, and then seats himself on his carpet, where his wife serves him with a clubonk and coffee with her own hands, retiring at a respectable distance to wait for the cup, and sometimes with hands crossed, and even kissing his hand on receiving the cup from it—a mark of respect very common in the East. While the husband is lounging on the carpet or cushions, enjoying his morning pipe, the women of the family generally pray, going through the same forms and prostrations as the men, but the children under twelve years of age never join in their devotions."

LORDS AND COMMONS.

IT may be worth while (writes Dr. MacKenzie) to look into the constituent persons of the British Parliament to see how "the commons" of the isles are represented in the lower house, by gentlemen who, I am very sure, would consider themselves insulted if any person presumed to mention them as belonging to the commonalty. No member of Parliament has the prefix of "Hon.," so familiarly frequent in the United States, where titles of honor are constitutionally tabooed, but each of them considers himself far higher than the ordinary "Esquire." This title-of-courtesy, as it is called—which does not exist in England, as derived from having a seat in the House of Commons—is freely and largely used in the British colonies. If there were a little island only fifty miles in circumference, with the British flag visible on it, a half-pay officer for governor, and a legislative body of a dozen members, every one of them would be "the honorable." Heligoland, a morsel of an island in the German Ocean, with an area of less than two English square miles, has an "honorable" Governor and an executive council of five, who are "all honorable men."

In Whitaker's Almanac for 1874, a very reliable work, it is mentioned that "the English House of Commons, at the time of the union with Scotland, in 1707, consisted of 513 members; 45 were then added for Scotland, and, in 1801, on the suppression of the native Parliament, 100 for Ireland." This makes a total of 658, which may be reckoned up thus: England and Wales, 493 members; Scotland 60; Ireland 105. Actually, however, there are only 652 in the present House of Commons, two seats in Ireland and four in England having been forfeited in late years by willful and notorious bribery at elections.

The question who may legally be a member of Parliament can be easily answered. The sole qualification is that he shall have been born in the United Kingdom (which includes natives of the British colonies), and that he shall have attained the legal age of twenty-one. To every general rule there is an exception, and, therefore, "naturalized" foreigners are not eligible, except when the privilege has been conferred by Act of Parliament. No excise, custom-house, stamp, or other revenue officer is eligible; all the judges, the master of the rolls excepted, are ineligible; and so are all priests and deacons of the Church of England, ministers of the Church of Scotland, Roman-Catholic clergymen, and all government contractors; while sheriffs and returning officers cannot be elected for the localities in which they act. No English or Scottish peer can be elected to the House of Commons, but Irish peers are eligible, though not for counties or boroughs in Ireland. Of course, persons convicted of treason or felony are not eligible for seats in either House.

The House of Commons which came to an end in the Autumn of 1847, presented the anomaly of having 266 scions of the nobility as members; that is, in a legislative body supposed to represent the interests of the people, the interests of the aristocracy, being looked after in its own House of Lords, considerably more than one-third belonged to the nobility. Here is the list, as I compiled it, with great care and accuracy in August, 1847:

Peers' eldest sons.....	64
" heirs-presumptive.....	7
" younger sons.....	35
grandsons.....	19
brothers.....	45
nephews.....	25
cousins.....	19
sons-in-law.....	44
brothers-in-law.....	12
fathers-in-law.....	2
Irish peers.....	4

Here, then, out of 658 persons constitutionally supposed to represent the commons or people of Great Britain and Ireland in 1847, as many as 266 were the sons, heirs-presumptive, grandsons, brothers, nephews, cousins and other near connections, by marriage or birth, of noblemen who sit in the House of Lords. Of these, three-fourths always act as Tories, against the people and for the aristocracy. No wonder, then, that for so many years there should have been a loud cry from the people for parliamentary reform. They got it, bit by bit, but never had the courage to insist that it should have begun by prohibiting the scions of the aristocracy from occupying the seats of the people's representatives. What is wanted, as the basis of reform and retrenchment, is a legal enactment declaring the ineligibility of any of noble blood for a seat in the people's assembly. The nobles have a separate house of their own, and very jealously they guard and regard its rights and privileges.

Last year a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*

considering that the then recent passing of a Bill whereby future elections to the House of Commons must take place by vote by ballot, drew up a synopsis of the composition of that House when the ballot was thus engrafted, after many failures, during the last half-century. His enumeration may be properly placed side by side with a synopsis which he published in *Notes and Queries* in the month of June. The second column shows the House of Commons as it stood in April, 1873, before the ballot came into operation; the first shows what was the result under the ballot at the last election:

	1874.	1873.
Lawyers.....	139	129
Sons of peers.....	109	92
Squires.....	109	129
Army.....	106	95
Merchants.....	98	100
Baronets.....	68	64
Sons of M. P.'s.....	58	55
Sons of baronets.....	29	25
Bankers.....	18	24
Knights.....	13	11
Sons of knights.....	12	17
Navy.....	9	12
Brewers.....	8	17
Engineers.....	8	8
Diplomats.....	7	6
Newspaper proprietors.....	7	9
Medical men.....	6	6
Peers.....	5	5
University professors.....	5	4
Farmers.....	2	3
Dissenting ministers.....	2	1
Architect.....	1	1
Accountant.....	1	2
Miners.....	—	1

The difference in the results is not great. The lawyers in the House of Commons in 1874 are 139 as against 129 in 1873, constituting nearly one-fourth of the whole number of members. But what is this in comparison to the aggregation of lawyers in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States? I have not Mr. Poore's "Congressional Catalogue" to refer to, but am pretty sure that, if consulted, it would show that nine-tenths of the National Legislature of the United States are gentlemen more or less "learned in the law."

It appears that there were 109 sons of peers in the British House of Commons in 1874, against 92 in the year 1873. The enumerator stopped short too soon. He should have counted up peers' heirs presumptive, younger sons, grandsons, sons-in-law, brothers, nephews, brothers-in-law, fathers-in-law and cousins. As far as I can estimate, the sum total of this aristocratic crowd, naturally disposed to set the interests of their class and their own particular families far above the interests of the unrepresented multitude, the working bees of the hive, cannot be less than 250. This is a strong power in a body of 652 members.

THE WAR IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE overthrow of the Kellogg administration in Louisiana is an unusual phase of American citizenship. Thoughtful minds throughout the country, and irrespective of party prejudices, gave the people of New Orleans credit for practicing patience when it was no longer a virtue. The parties that accomplished this speedy revolution are said to be members of a former secret organization known as the Knights of the White Camellia, but more recently denominated the White League. About eleven o'clock on Monday morning, September 14th, an immense assemblage of citizens was noticed surrounding the Clay statue. Forces of the White League had been posted in various parts of the city, and every precaution taken to prevent the *coup d'état* proving unsuccessful.

At the conclusion of the speeches of R. H. Marr, J. B. Eustis and S. N. J. Smith, a resolution was adopted authorizing the appointment of a committee of five, to be headed by R. H. Marr, to request Governor Kellogg to abdicate.

When the Governor's refusal was announced, the Leaguers repaired to their various rendezvous. A reserve of 2,300 men was stationed on Julia Street; another of 1,500 was deployed between Camp Street and the Levee, on Poydras Street. General Longstreet and General Badger, President of the Metropolitan Police force, were in charge of the Kellogg army, consisting of four hundred men with five pieces of artillery, at the Third Precinct Station-house. The State troops were marched out about three o'clock in the afternoon. The Metropolitan Police moved into Peters Street, on the west side of the Custom House, and formed a line of battle in the wide space east of what is known as the Iron Building, at first turning their guns in the direction of the swamp, and subsequently towards the Levee. General Longstreet, who had in the meantime arrived, rode down Canal Street a short distance, and, addressing the small crowd gathered there, bade them disperse or he would sweep the street. In the meantime Company E of the Crescent City White League, armed with Sharp's carbines and Henry rifles, stole down the Levee behind bales of cotton and hay, coming within a short distance of the Metropolitan police, and on their left flank before they were discovered. A command of probably three hundred, under Captain John Payne, also moved up from the head of Poydras Street, and at their approach the Metropolitan artillery commenced firing. The sharpshooters, secreted in the hay and cotton, then commenced firing, and half a dozen Metropolitan artillerists dropped at their guns before they seemed aware from whence the shots came. The infantry support failed to come to their relief, and the Leaguers, following the command under Captain John Payne and Mr. Gautier, charged, driving the men from their guns and creating a stampede. The mounted men galloped in disorder up Crossman Street to the Custom House. A body of White Leaguers then started across the Levee, capturing the river police station, Captain McCann and forty-five men. The fight continued along Peters Street and around the square bounded by that thoroughfare, the Custom House and Decatur Street.

Within the Custom House building were packed Collector Casey, Governor Kellogg, Herwig, the officers and employés of the customs department, and probably sixty Metropolitan Police. At the head of the stairs of the Canal Street entrance, behind a barricade of tiles, to be used in the new flooring, was one company of the United States troops, standing prepared to resist an attack. The barred gate was closed, and no one was permitted to ascend or descend. On the opposite side of the building, at the Custom House entrance, a company of Metropolitan Police were stationed behind a similar barricade. No attempt was made to enter the building by the White Leaguers. The conflict continued until the Metropolitan police were driven through the Custom House. Many escaped into the building through the Custom House door down Decatur Street. The White League fell back on Tchepoulas, Magazine, Camp and St. Charles Streets, barricading the approaches with street-cars, which were taken from the track, and advertising pillars. Barricades were placed at the intersection of Common, Gravier and Poydras Streets, with St. Charles, and on the other thoroughfares at the crossing of Poydras Street. At the

intersection of that thoroughfare with Carondelet Street the iron gutting was taken up and constructed into a barricade. Guards were stationed on all these thoroughfares as far as Tivoli Circle, and persons without the countersign were only permitted to pass up-town on the outside of Carondelet Street. The attempted escape of a small squad of Metropolitan Police from the State House created some desultory firing; but with that exception the night passed quietly.

At daylight on Tuesday morning the White League pickets advanced their lines across Canal Street, and at eight o'clock a body of men, numbering perhaps three hundred, marched down Bourbon Street to St. Louis Street, and thence to the Capitol, which was found to be abandoned; but a few straggling Metropolitan police, being discovered in the vicinity, were arrested and marched up-town. The command then moved to the State Arsenal and Parish Prison, both of which surrendered. At the Arsenal two Gatling guns, two Napoleons, and about 3,000 stand of arms, were captured. Of these 2,700 were distributed.

At midday the Mayor issued a proclamation congratulating the people upon the recovery of their liberties, and counseling extreme moderation towards those entertaining different political views. He also requested saloon-keepers to close their establishments for twenty-four hours. A proclamation was also issued by Lieutenant-Governor Penn notifying the community that the Metropolitan police who had surrendered were guaranteed protection, and requested that they be treated with forbearance and kindness. A new police force was organized under the direction of Thomas Boylan, a bank detective. At a quarter past two o'clock an immense crowd of citizens, including many of the most prominent merchants, visited the residence of Lieutenant-Governor Penn and escorted him to the State Capitol. Royal Street, in the neighborhood of the building, was packed, and his short address was enthusiastically received. At that time the Capitol was crowded with people, and sentries were stationed in every passage. Previous to this, the White League, about two thousand strong, with the captured artillery, marched up Camp Street, and were reviewed by General Ogden at Lafayette Square. The time of the engagement is said to have been but twenty-five minutes. Thirty persons were killed, and about one hundred wounded, some of whom have since died.

On receipt of this intelligence at Washington, the President became very angry, and said, "I'll root out this party if I have to take the field." Orders were issued to General Emory, and Admiral Mulhally at Key West, to have a combined army and navy force in readiness to proceed to New Orleans on quick notice. A proclamation was issued by the President ordering all turbulent and disorderly persons in Louisiana to disperse within five days. Further instructions were issued, by which Governor McEnery saw that if he maintained his position a direct conflict would be precipitated between the Federal and the State troops, in which the latter would ultimately be worsted. Accordingly, conferences were held by General Emory, Governor McEnery, Lieutenant-Governor Penn, and Mr. Marr, which resulted in the surrender of the captured property—public buildings, arms, etc.—to the commander of the United States troops; not, however, without a manly, sober protest from the legally elected administrators. The surrender was made on Thursday afternoon, and General Emory telegraphed to Washington for further instructions. On Friday General Emory informed Kellogg that he was prepared to restore him to his office.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

THE Southern rice crop will turn out handsomely.

IOWA offers an unusual fine crop of early rose potatoes.

CAMBRIDGE COUNTY, TEX., is gathering its second crop of corn.

MICHIGAN'S peach crop is better than for several seasons.

MICHIGAN has opened a new salt mine near East Saginaw.

THE Cotton States have planted more corn this year than usual.

CALIFORNIA'S wheat crop will supply a million of people for six years.

NEW JERSEY forest fires destroyed an immense area of cranberry bog.

CALIFORNIA sent overland fifty car-loads of fruit during August, valued at \$120,000.

LOUISIANA promises a sugar-crop equal to that of last year in spite of the overflow.

ARIZONA, on the Salt and Gila Rivers, loses heavily in the potato crop this year.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., has two potteries, and business is so brisk that both are to be enlarged.

ALABAMA'S copper mine, recently opened in Randolph County, is said to be paying finely.

WESTERN MARYLAND, Pennsylvania and Ohio—unusual sources—are sending on fine varieties of the peach.

NEW YORK manufacturing jewelers say the prospect of the Winter business is unexceptionably promising.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., is doing a heavy business since the reoccupation of the military station near by.

MINNESOTA would have had the largest wheat yield but for the grasshoppers; still the prospect is encouraging.

WISCONSIN expects, in spite of the berry-worms, to ship the second largest crop of cranberries ever raised.

PORTLAND, ME., is to have a new industry in the form of an establishment for the manufacture of lenses of all kinds.

VALLEJO, CAL., is about starting a chromate manufacture with a capital of \$500,000, and but one rival in this country.

OCOSOMOWAC (Wis.) farmers are jubilant over the prospective wheat crop, it being of a more than average quantity.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY has had its potato crop on the Neah Bay Reservation struck by blight, and no harvest is expected.

MASSACHUSETTS has just got two new mills in operation at Newbury; one for snuff, the other for artificial leather.

MAINE'S chief silk factory, that of the Nonotuck Company, is running over-time, and the hours are to be further extended.

NORTHERN LOUISIANA has the shortest corn and cotton crop for many years. Sufficient rain to wet the ground has not fallen since May.

IN Franklin County, Kan., where the principal crop is castor-beans, the chinch bug and grasshoppers have left in disgust, and the crop is safe.

CENTREVILLE, CAL., has forty acres sown with cotton, which will yield 500 pounds to the acre, sufficient to prove the experiment a success.

CHICAGO shipped to Canada during August: Wheat, bushels, 357,855; corn, 215,675; oats, 16,656; flour, barrels, 4,287. Total value, \$543,712.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A LIVING AUTOMATON.—The Paris correspondent of the *Baltimore Gazette* writes: "A curious phenomenon can be witnessed at the Saint-Antoine Hospital. A young man, a singer in a café concert, was wounded during the war in the head by a ball which struck the skull obliquely over the left ear, carrying away six inches of the bone and exposing the brain. He was relieved, but at the cost of paralysis of his right side; that was cured in time, and he was enabled to resume his usual mode of life. Some weeks ago his nervous system became so deranged that he was admitted into the hospital. His attack of the nerves lasts about thirty hours, during which time he is a living automaton; he is unconscious of surrounding circumstances and insensible to all pain. Place him on his feet, he walks; seat him in a chair, and put a pen between his fingers, he plays the want to write, and seeks for ink and paper; supply him with a cigarette-paper, he will search for tobacco, and will make the most perfect cigarettes. He executes these movements without any sign of consciousness or impatience; remove the articles twenty times from him, he displays no anger, but quietly recommences his work. He can be made to sing some of his songs when he is supplied with a pair of white gloves and a newspaper for a sheet of music. He has a monomania for theft, for he pockets everything he can lay hold of, but shows no signs of being discontented when the articles are taken from him."

A SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FREAK.—In the bottom of the main shaft of the Virginia City Coal Company, El Dorado Cañon, Lyon County, Nev., has been encountered the trunk of a large tree four feet in diameter—a lone relic of an ancient and extinct forest. Where cut through by the shaft, this old tree is found to be perfectly carbonized, turned into coal. Outside, the old log is completely encrusted over with iron pyrites, many of which are so bright that the crystals shine like diamonds. These crystals also extend into the body of the log, filling what were once cracks or wind-shakes, and even forming clusters about what was once the heart of the tree. This relic of an old-time forest lies far below the two veins of coal the company are about to open. The finding of this old trunk is evidence that the country was at some time, ages and ages ago, covered by a forest of large trees; though the native timber growth, when the country was first visited by the whites, and as far back as the traditions of the Indians extend, was but a scrubby species of nut pine. A few miles from the shaft in which this carbonized tree was found are to be seen on the surface the petrified remains of many large trees. In the early days of Washoe, before the prospectors had broken them up for specimens, pieces of tree-trunks two or three feet in diameter and twenty or thirty feet in length were to be seen lying upon the surface of the ground. However, these trees, and even the one found in the bottom of the shaft of the coal mine, may have come from the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains—may have drifted out when seas of water everywhere covered our present valleys. The water-lanes visible on the hills show that the whole country was filled with lakes, and the petrified trees lying here and there on the surface of the ground probably floated on the waters of the extinct lakes and finally sank to the bottom in the places where they are now found.

PEAT IN BREMEN.—From a recent report on the trade of Bremen, we learn that a branch of industry, which is gradually increasing in importance, has arisen of late in the barren moorlands of northwestern Germany, by the preparation of peat or turf. This material is largely used in Germany as fuel both in private dwellings as well as in some large establishments, and, it is stated, also, on the Oldenburg Railway. Two companies have lately been formed in Oldenburg for the purpose of manufacturing peat on a large scale, and of supplying it to the inhabitants of Bremen, Oldenburg, and other towns in the neighborhood, at a far cheaper rate than that now paid to the peasants, who have hitherto almost had a monopoly of the trade in the article. The peat is cut out of the soil of the marshy moors or bogs, which extend from Bremen to the Dutch frontier, by machinery; by the removal of the peat a network of canals is formed, which are of use for conveying the peat itself to market, and which likewise form new permanent channels of communication available for all other purposes. The peat-cutting machine consists of a large flat-bottomed steam-vessel, which, when set to work, is able to cut a canal 20 (German) feet in breadth and six feet in depth, whilst proceeding at the rate of from ten to twelve feet per hour. The soil thus cut out by this floating peat manufactory is lifted into the vessel by steam-power, and after being thoroughly ground is deposited, by means of a long pipe running out of the side of the vessel, alongside the bank of the canal, where it is subsequently cut into the shape of bricks and dried. It is stated that by this method about 1,000 centners (55 tons English) of a very good kind of peat may be manufactured per day. In view of the present high price of coal, particularly in Britain, and of the great importance which attaches to the question of obtaining a cheap kind of fuel at all times, it might perhaps be well worth while to consider whether this system of peat manufacture could not be introduced in many other parts of Europe, where the soil is doubtless as well suited for the purpose as in Oldenburg.

MR. F. M. BALFOUR, of Trinity College, Cambridge, (England), gives the results of his investigations of the development of fishes belonging to the group of sharks and rays, which he had carried out during the present year in the zoological station at Naples. Many naturalists have eagerly desired to investigate this most important question—important because the sharks appear to be the most typical and representative of all the vertebrate animals—but have not been able to secure the eggs of these fish, even if they had the means of keeping them alive. Dr. Anton Dohrn's zoological station at Naples enabled Mr. Balfour to accomplish this. Mr. Balfour's results are as follows: Firstly, although as large a quantity of food-yolk is present in the shark's egg as in the bird's, yet throughout the egg of the shark there is a fine network of lines, such as are found in many cells, while scattered through it, especially around the germinal disk, were a number of nuclei. From the presence of these lines and nuclei it is to be concluded that the whole of the yolk, including both the germinal disk and the food yolk, are to be looked upon as a single cell, the ovum, in the greater part of which passive food yolk granules are imbedded. Secondly, in the mode in which its alimentary canal is formed, the shark is intermediate in condition between the frog and the bird; for, although its alimentary canal is not formed by an involution, as in the frog, still traces of the primitive mode of formation of the alimentary canal by an involution are retained in the shark, though lost in birds. The most important of these is the continuity at the hind end of the embryo between the epiblast (outer layer) and hypoblast (inner layer), which results in the neural and alimentary canals subsequently communicating with each other behind, as is the case with frogs and other vertebrates whose alimentary canal is formed by an involution. Thirdly, in sharks the notochord is formed as a thickening of the hypoblast, and not derived, as in all other vertebrates hitherto described, from the mesoblast. Mr. Ray Lankester pointed out the very great importance of the discovery that the spinal rod or notochord develops in the sharks from one of the two primary layers of the germ, and not from a middle layer, as in the chick and frog. He believed that the middle layer would have to be abandoned as an entity, and its elements traced to the outer and inner layers.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-PRESIDENT THIERS is going to Italy on a two months' tour.

MISS ROSE HERRICK is laid up in Dublin with typhoid fever.

THE envoy of Marshal Serrano has been received at the Vatican.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE is again on his way to this country.

It is reported that Bishop Foley of Chicago is to be transferred to Omaha.

JULES SIMON is about to open a political campaign in the South of France.

ALEXANDER DUMAS will be received by the French Academy in February, 1875.

THE Prince of the Asturias is about entering the English military school at Woolwich.

THE last little game played by the Western types change Theo. Tilton into The O'Tilton.

HON. J. LOTHROP MOTLEY and Mrs. and Miss Motley are at Naworth Castle, Cumberland.

It is said that in October the Duchess of Edinburgh may no longer be without a cradle.

OUR Minister to France, Mr. Washburne, has been visiting the Bohemian watering-places.

KRUPP, the Prussian gunmaker, pays \$54,000 taxes this year, on an income of \$1,689,000.

COUNT SCLOPIS will preside over the approaching meeting of the International Law Association at Geneva.

P. T. BARNUM, the youngest old man in the country, was married on the 16th inst. to Miss Fish, aged thirty.

GENERAL FRANK P. BLAIR is dangerously ill at his home in Michigan, and his friends are afraid he cannot recover.

PROFESSOR J. H. SEELYE, of Amherst College, has been nominated for Congress from the Tenth Massachusetts District.

BONAMY PRICE, Professor of Political Economy in Oxford University, will accompany Mr. Forster to the United States.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL FRED GRANT will be married, October 20th, to Miss Ida Honore, sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer, in Chicago.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher will open the lecture course at Brattleboro, Vt., on October 6th, with "The Waste and Burdens of Life."

EDWARD JENKINS, author of "Ginx's Baby" and emigration agent of Great Britain for the Dominion of Canada, has reached Quebec.

THE United States war-vessel *Benicia* has been designated as the ship to bring the new King of the Sandwich Islands to our shores.

CONTRARY to reports Mrs. Colia Burleigh has entirely recovered from her sickness, which was inflammation of the brain, and not consumption.

THE tower in honor of Abraham Lincoln, on Newman Hall's church, in London, is the first monument to a foreign ruler ever erected on English soil.

JOAQUIN MILLER complains of the wearisome use of marble in Italy, and says that living there is like taking up one's quarters in an aristocratic churchyard.

DON CARLOS asked the Pope for his apostolic blessing on the Carlist army, and his holiness refused it, as well as to appoint a chaplain-general to those forces.

A RUMOR was noticed floating over London that the Princess of Wales was about to separate from her husband, on account of his continued "irregularities."

THE Bishop of Litchfield, England, will preach the sermon at the meeting of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this city next month.

THE Italian Government proposes, if Garibaldi will consent, to lay a telegraph cable to Capri, and keep an operator permanently on duty there at the General's service.

THE Society of the Army of the Cumberland has given a commission to J. Q. A. Ward for an equestrian statue of General Thomas, to cost \$35,000, exclusive of pedestal.

It is said that Mr. Froude has been accepted by Mr. Carlyle as his biographer, and has had all the materials in Mr. Carlyle's possession bearing on the work placed at his disposal.

RECTOR says that the remains of Andrew Jackson are to be removed from their resting-place at the Hermitage, which is against the wish expressed by the deceased long before his death.

HARRY MEIGGS, the Peruvian railway king, has immense grants of mineral lands, and is supposed to be beyond the reach of want with \$44,000,000. He hailed from California.

COLONEL VILLETTE, Marshal Bazaine's aide, who remained with him in "seclusion," has been sentenced to ten months' imprisonment as an accomplice in the old soldier's escape.

THE Hon. Isaac F. Redfield, LL.D., formerly Chief Justice of Vermont, has been added to the Board of Trustees of the University of Modern Languages, at Newburyport, Mass.

DR. F. V. HAYDEN has named a newly discovered mountain in Colorado 13,700 feet high, after Chief Justice Day, of this city, President of the American Geographical Society.

THE Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Dublin are in New York, guests of the Irish team which is to compete with one selected in this country in an international rifle-match at Creedmoor.

THE Rev. Dr. George F. Seymour, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was elected Bishop of Illinois to succeed the late Bishop Whitehouse.

WACHTEL is so ill that he has been compelled to cancel all engagements. He was lately in Berlin to seek medical advice, and has been imperatively directed to return to his villa in Wiesbaden, to rest and recuperate.

THE repairs ordered by the Count de Paris at the Château d'Amboise have brought to light the tomb of Leonardo da Vinci, who was known to have died in the neighborhood, but whose burial-place was unknown.

GENERAL HORACE BINNEY SARGENT, of Boston, has been elected President of the Standish Monument Association, and Postmaster-General Jewell, and Governor Weston of New Hampshire, advisory presidents. The monument at Duxbury, Mass., is more than half done, and nearly \$17,000 have been subscribed during the last year, without solicitation.

AMONG the well-known surviving members of the famous Harvard class of 1820, with which the late Judge Curtis was graduated, are George Tyler Bigelow, William Henry Channing, James Freeman Clarke, F. B. Croton-shield, George T. Davis, Joel Giles, William Gray, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Benjamin Pierce, Samuel May, Chandler Robbins, Samuel F. Smith and Edward D. Schler.

AT THE Sign of the Silver Flagon

BY
B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Grif," "Blade o' Grass," "Jessie Trim,"
"Golden Grain," etc.

PART THE FIRST.
THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD.

I.
SILVER CREEK TOWNSHIP.

It is December, and the sun is at a hundred and six in the shade. We are at the end of the world which, speaking in a worldly sense, we call the other end; we are in Australia, at Silver Creek, twelve months ago a wilderness, now a busy township. Within this brief space, an infant

ubiquitous Englishman. The pie is a rich one, but the fruit is unequally distributed, and there are many waste places in it (not seen until the crust is dived into), the discovery of which brings disappointment to the hungry seekers.

High Street had only one side, where the stores were built. Opposite the stores, at the distance of some four hundred yards, were hills, not very high, on which a long thin range of wooden houses was erected, which formed the Government Camp, where the official business of the township was transacted. There were the resident magistrate's court, the treasury, the jail, and all the necessary adjuncts of civil government. The Goldfields' Commissioner, or the Warden as he was sometimes called, and his staff, and the resident magistrate, and some of the lesser luminaries, dwelt there, with their Chinese cooks, who were rare masters at crust and paste—which was but natural, as they were proverbially light-fingered. There they chatted, and cooked, and smoked opium in their little wooden pipes, of which they were as tenderly solicitous as though they had been children of their blood; and went elsewhere to the vilest and

the township derived its name. At the back of the High Street stores, dotting the hills and gullies for miles around, and at the back again of the Government Camp were the white tents of the diggers. There was an eminence from which one could look down upon the scene, and it was well worth the labor to climb this height on a moonlight night, and gaze at the perspective of snow-white roofs, beneath which the tired miners were sleeping, and at the silver stream of water threading its way through the undulations. Then there was the Government Camp, prettily situated, and here and there clumps of silver-bark trees, and shadows of great ranges in the distance. Altogether, it was a picturesque scene, and afforded food for the mind as well as the eye.

The Silver Creek diggings more than fulfilled the promise of its name, for gold was found in its soil instead of silver. It was first discovered by Chinamen, who, working there undisturbed for a few weeks, and getting much gold, screeched like magpies when they saw six Tipperary men march on to their diggings and stick their picks into the ground. The following was the order of the pro-

Be it here understood that on the Australian gold-fields all Chinamen have but one name—John—not given to them by their godfathers and godmothers.

The Tipperary man repeated his question:

"How deep, John?"

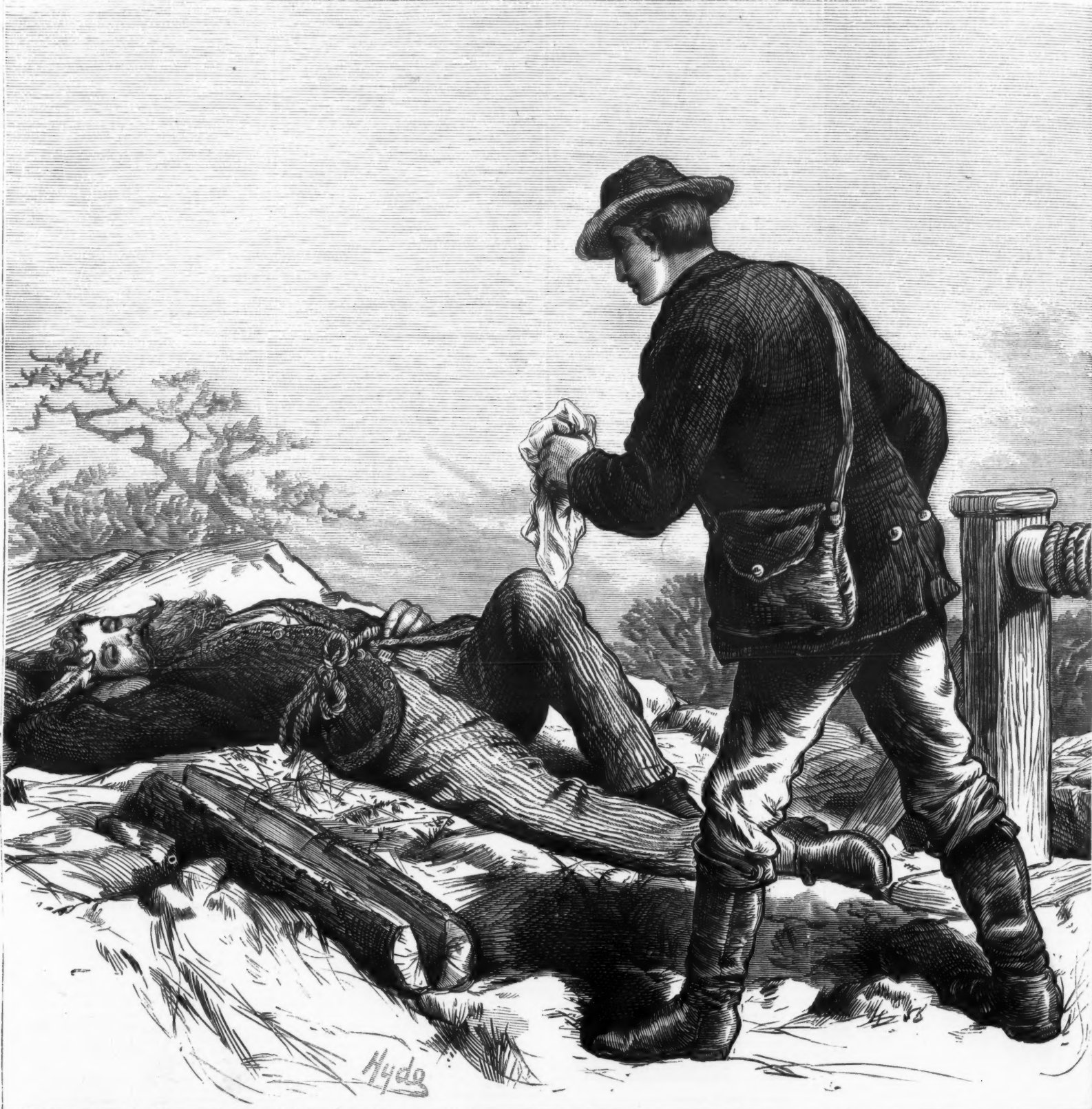
John preserved silence. The Tipperary man and his mates followed suit for a few seconds. Presently they broke cover again:

"M'lenty meant plenty: this was everywhere recognized as Chinaman's English."

"M'lenty gold, John?"

John looked blankly into the face of his interlocutor. He understood perfectly the nature of the inquiries addressed to him, and was silent from a mixture of cunning, impotent anger and helplessness.

The Tipperary man quietly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and began cutting up cavendish tobacco with a great spring-knife. His mates followed his example; they knocked the ashes out of their pipes, and began cutting sticks of cavendish tobacco with great spring-knives. There was a



AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON.—"MR. HART KNEW IMMEDIATELY THAT IT WAS A CENTIPEDE—AND THAT ITS STING MIGHT BRING DEATH TO THE SLEEPER."—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.

in the history of cities has grown into a man. There is but one principal street in Silver Creek township, but that is a mile and a half long, and is lined with wooden tenements and calico tents, in which the business of the town is transacted. Stores of every description, in which all things necessary, and many things unnecessary, for the proper carrying out of life, are to be found along the line of this thoroughfare, which is called High Street. You may calculate how many stores High Street contains by setting down its length as a mile and a half, and by averaging each store at sixteen feet frontage. Some are built of wood, many of calico, and the inhabitants of one Englishman's home can hear the inhabitants of the next laughing and talking and bargaining during the day, and sighing and murmuring and groaning during the night. Not that the inhabitants of Silver Creek are all Englishmen; other nationalities, thirsting to have their fingers in the golden pie, have sent their representatives, and Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Mongolians, and even Africans, hob-a-nob with one another, and make common cause of it with the

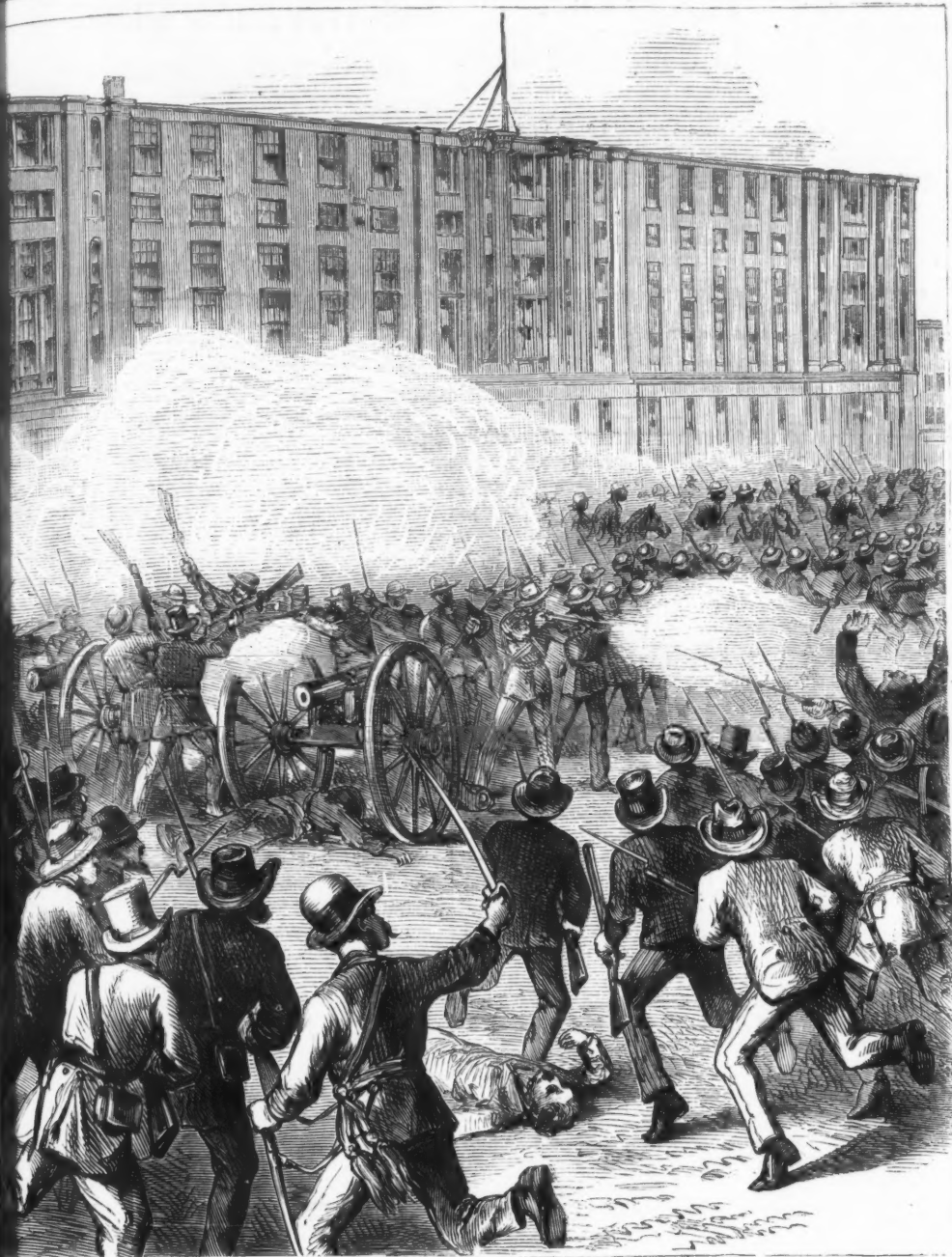
dirtyest nest of thoroughfares which the imagination can conjure up, and which was known as the Chinese Camp, to gamble away their hard earnings. In this Camp, of course, was the Joss-house, with its absurd and senseless mummeries; and there, also, were certain dens where the Chinaman digger went to smoke himself into helplessness and idleness. The provision stores were stocked with curiosities in the eating-way which made fastidious persons shudder—such as preserved slugs and snails (delicious delicacies to the Chinese palate), and bottles filled with what seemed to be pieces of preserved monkey, while thousands of shreds of shriveled meat hung from the calico roofs, which were black with smoke. These shreds weighed about an ounce each, and looked like the dried and twisted skins and tails of rats. If ever night was made hideous, the Chinamen made it so in their Camp, with the clanging of their gongs and tom-toms, and with the high treble of their voices. Between the Government Camp and the High Street ran a valley, through which a stream of water meandered; this was the Silver Creek, from which

ceedings of the Tipperary men: They first stuck their picks into the ground, at a distance of twenty yards from each other, then they clustered together, and stood loosely about. In consultation? No; to fill their pipes. These they lighted, and held firmly in their teeth; then they marched up to the Chinamen's shafts, and pausing at one, watched the man at the windlass pulling up the buckets. The Chinamen spoke not a word; the newcomers spoke not a word. For full five minutes this was the state of things, and the Chinamen proceeded with their work sullenly; from screeching magpies they were transformed into mute, submissive slaves. Wrath and rebellion may have been in their hearts; but outwardly they were the humblest of mortals. They cursed their ill-fortune, for it happened that, when the Tipperary men appeared on the scene, they were pulling up wash-dirt, in which specks of gold could be seen; but they cursed in silence.

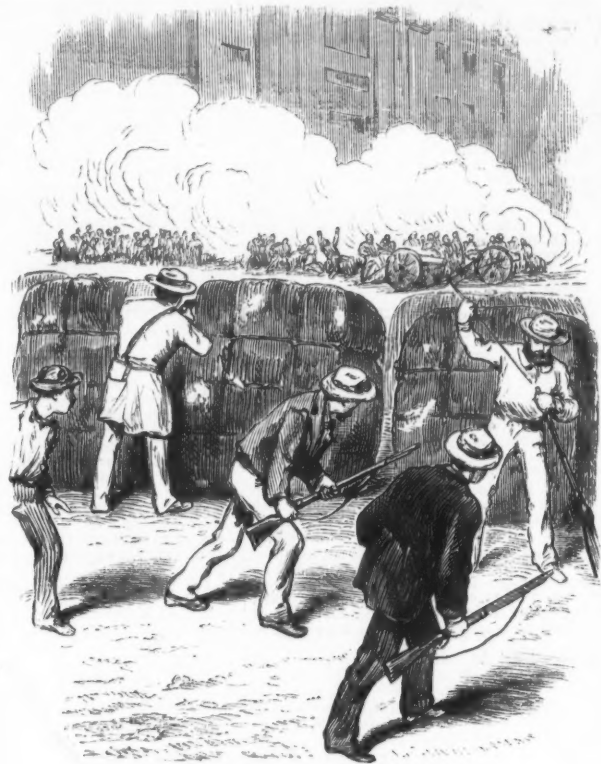
"How deep, John?" then asked one of the Tipperary men. He referred to the depth of the shaft at which the Chinamen were working. John did not reply.

wicked click in their knives as they opened them. The Chinamen's eyes grew white, and they sighed for thunderbolts or lightning to strike these desperadoes into ashes, or for some secret and as effectual means for getting rid of them. The Tipperary men filled their pipes again, stuck them between their teeth firmly, applied a match to them, and puffed away till they were well lighted. Then the man who had spoken took the Chinaman's car between his fingers, and another Tipperary man laid hold of the handle of the windlass; the Chinaman was whirled aside, screaming and chattering; a third Tipperary man put his foot into the bucket which was about to be sent empty to the bottom of the shaft, and grasped the rope above him with one firm hand; the second man, working the windlass, slowly unwound the rope and let his mate down the pit.

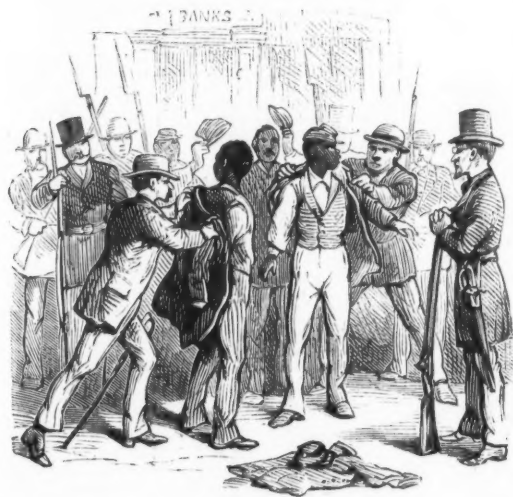
The screams and chatter of the Chinaman who had been whirled from the windlass brought all his companions to the spot. They formed quite a small colony—numbering in all twenty-two souls. (Continued on page 64.)



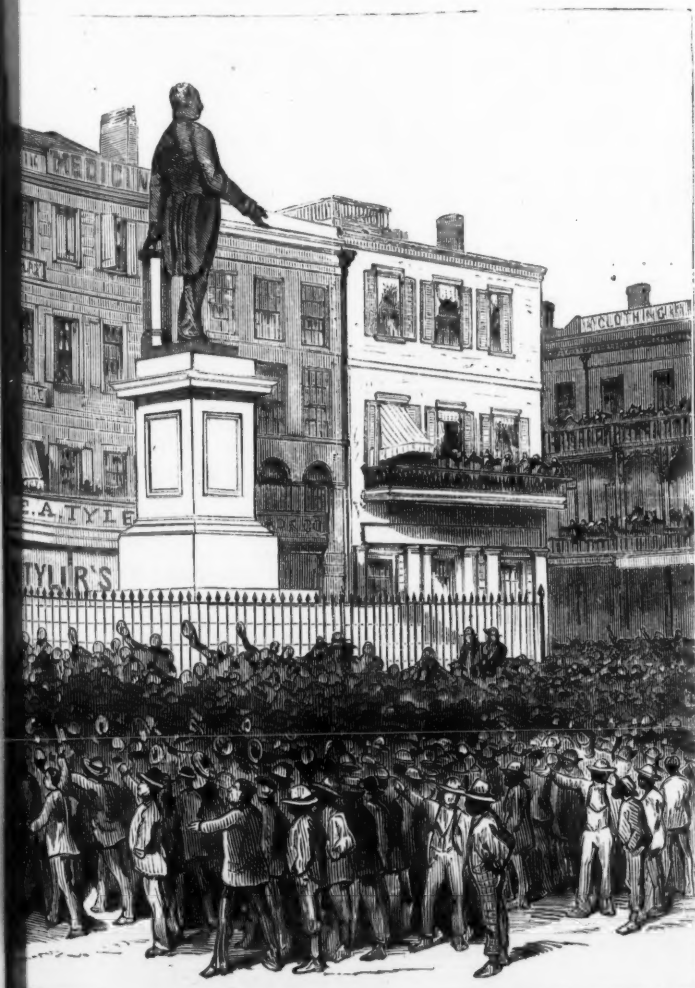
LEVEE NEAR THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



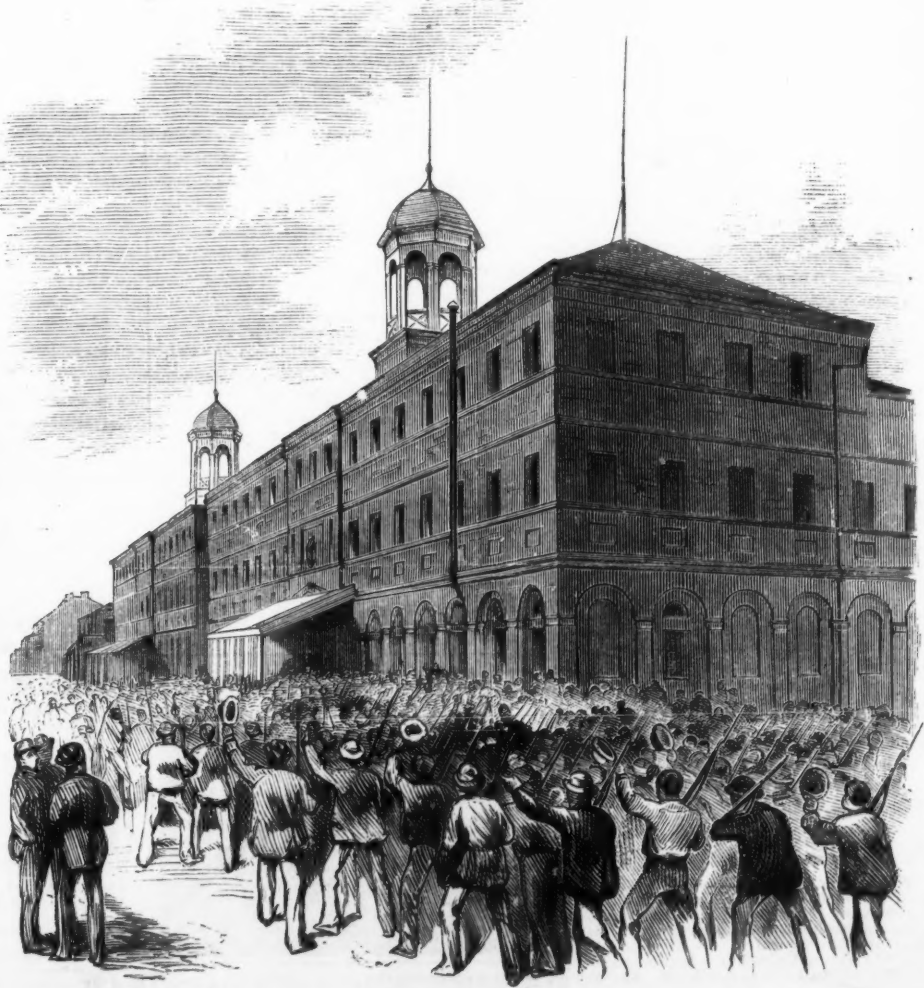
SHARPshootERS BEHIND COTTON BALES.



WHITE CITIZENS TEARING OFF THE UNIFORMS OF DISGUISED "METROPOLITANS."



THE CLAY MONUMENT



ATTACK OF CITIZENS ON THE PARISH PRISON.

DANCING.

WARM climates seem to be naturally productive of, and the most favorable to, the best singers and dancers. There alone can be found that glow and vivacity, that impetuosity and enthusiasm, which can hardly ever be equalled in northern climates. In Russia, for instance, dancing is quite as common a pastime as in Spain or Italy. But how vast the difference! The Russian peasant's dance is heavy, listless, and oftentimes devoid of gracefulness. He merely sways to and fro to the monotonous music of the *balalaika*, a long guitar whose notes are frequently drowned by the shouts and songs of the by-standers. The dance of the Cossacks is nothing but a noisy tramp, or condensed stamping of the feet, dignified with the euphonious names of "koppak," "tropak," and "kastchok." But the court dance is the polonaise, of Polish origin, as indicated by the name. It is merely a measured promenade or march, affording the very best opportunity for conversation, is at once graceful and unconstrained, while the strictest etiquette may be maintained. The redowa, mazurka and waltz are all Polish dances. Great Britain, France and Germany have each been the birthplace of quite a number of special or fancy dances, but at the present day there is really no national dancing, and the same style prevails in all countries, at least in good society. The jig and country dances are purely English, while the reel is unmistakably of Scotch origin. The minuet—so called because of the short step (*menu pas*) taken in the different figures—originated in the old French province of Poitou, and was afterwards introduced by the Marquis de Launay into England, where it long remained in favor, and deservedly, for it was a dignified and graceful dance. The gavotte, which has recently come into fashion here as a fancy dance, was tripped centuries ago by the peasant girls in Gavot's country—a small, mountainous country in the neighborhood of Gap, in the south of France.

The ever-delightful waltz, contrary to general belief, is not of German origin. It was extremely popular in France towards the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and became known in Germany only after that period. Its popularity was soon established in all countries, despite the prejudices and objections raised against it. The polka was brought from the forests of Hungary in 1840, and created quite a sensation. Everything was done in polka fashion. There were polka hats and dress goods, polka jewelry and polka trimming. Shortly after the polka became popular here, or about the same time, Mr. Polk was elected President of the United States, and owing to this somewhat singular coincidence, many persons supposed that the new dance had been named after him, or in his honor. The schottische and mazurka next came in vogue, and from that time fancy dances multiplied rapidly, many of them going out of fashion before the end of a month. Not a few of the modern dances were first brought out on the stage.

The cotillon introduced here under the name of the German is a very old dance, which has been but slightly modified, for most of its figures were well-known more than one hundred years ago in several of the ancient provinces of France. The bouquet, mirror and butterfly figures, for instance, were quite popular, and it mainly consisted, and does now, of round dances. Then, as now, it required some talent to be a good leader of the cotillon. The Orientals are very fond of witnessing ballets, and intricate pas-seuls, but they never dance themselves. The dances of the bayaderes and almees are true pantomimes, though not always very delicate or graceful ones.

CURRENT HUMOR.

THEY are so busy in Kansas that they spell it 11worth. The only thing that it bothers a grasshopper to swallow is a four-legged table.

"HAPPY as a clam" means something now in Rhode Island; the Rocky Point season is over.

WHAT is the difference between fixed stars and shooting stars? The one are suns, the other darters.

A MAN advertised in a New York paper for a bar-keeper, "Who must be recommended by his pastor."

"COME around. I will achieve a mother-in-law at eight o'clock sharp," was the invitation sent out by a Milwaukee man.

THE lecture season is approaching. In the country it takes hold in the Winter time, when a married man can't crawl out of bed and sleep in the haymow.

NOW is the time when the irresponsible urchin glieth the house fly's wings together and walketh him against time around the nose of his sleeping grandfather.

"LORD, what a cow!" was the approving remark of a teetotal judge of Vermont, after swallowing a potent punch which had been offered to him as a glass of milk.

A CHICAGO young lady who is visiting the Cincinnati Fair waved her hand enthusiastically during the race. Grangers a short distance off thought it was a new patent five-barred gate.

WHEN they tried to force Miss Gay, of Independence, Mo., into a marriage against her will, she kicked the minister's hat off, knocked the young man down, and rode off on a mule, with one foot on each side of him.

WHEN a Tennessee husband will horsewhip his wife for washing potatoes in his Sunday plug-hat, it is time to inquire whether this generation of men isn't getting to be too confounded high-toned for the age of the country!

"DID anything about the defendant strike your eye as remarkable?" asked the Judge of the plaintiff, in a case of assault and battery. "It did, yer Honor." "And what was it?" continued the Judge. "His fist, yer Honor."

A PLACKVILLE (Cal.) clergyman insists that he saw red and black snake forty feet long, and as big around as a barrel of whisky. We have no doubt that he did, but he unquestionably saw the barrel of whisky before he saw the snake.

THE San Francisco man, when he sits down on the quiet Sabbath to read his Sunday Chronicle, has his thoughts turned heavenwards by a two-column article entitled, "Bloody Retrospect. Notable Suicides Committed in this City—When they Shuffled off the Mortal Coil, and why they did it."

"ARE the Joneses back?" inquired Mrs. Spitzka, who hasn't been out of town all Summer. "Yes'm," replied the cook, "and Mrs. Brown and he children got home from Saratoga this morn'g." "Then, Mary, you may open the front shutters," continued Mrs. S., "and say that we've returned, too."

WHEN the Middlefield flood was at its height, and the water was about three feet deep around the house in Chester, where Master Robert Cluett lives, that young gentleman, who is five years old, fell upon his knees and offered the following prayer: "Oh, Lord, I don't like this; take it away. You said when you put your bow in the skies you would have no more floods. Now, how is this? Amen."

TO THE LADIES.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that our new Fall Catalogue is now in readiness, and contains a carefully graded and arranged set of patterns for every article of clothing worn by men, women or children of all sizes. Our patterns comprise all of the latest styles of Skirts, Over-skirts, Polonaises, Basques, Jackets, Dolmans, Talmas, Fichues, Chemises, Night-gowns, Drawers, Petticoats, Shirts, Night-shirts, Drawers for Gentlemen, collars, Cuffs, etc., etc. They can be obtained to fit all sizes and classes of figures; with notches, perforations and written directions, so that in making up a garment from them a mistake would be impossible. We keep on hand, issued every season, a full Catalogue of these patterns, numbered, so that no error will occur in ordering. A Catalogue can be secured by inclosing a three-cent postage-stamp to FRANK LESLIE'S CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway. All orders for patterns must be sent to that address.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.—After November 30th, it will be easy to see how the money goes, for then the drawing will take place of the Public Library of Kentucky, and at that Grand Gift Concert \$2,500,000 in cash will be given away to ticket-holders. The fortunate holder of the ticket drawing the first prize will walk off with \$250,000; of the second prize, \$100,000; of the third prize, \$75,000; of the fourth prize, \$50,000; of the fifth, \$25,000, etc., etc., etc., until 20,000 grand cash prizes shall all have been distributed. Truly, this distribution will tell *how* the money goes!

MONTE CRISTO CIGAR MANUFACTORY.—POLSKI & GUERRA, Manufacturers and Importers of Fine Havana Cigars. We guarantee entire satisfaction in quality and price of goods. Samples sent to all parts, C. O. D., with privilege to examine. POLSKI & GUERRA, 83 William Street, N. Y. 988-1000

Just What I Want.

A Sewing Machine that I myself can use for all my family work; and it is well attested that the "Willcox & Gibbs" is just that machine. Send for Price List and Circular to Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co., 655 Broadway, N. Y. 989-92

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials. First Premium at Vienna.

If you want the best "Elastic Truss" for rupture, or best "Elastic Stockings" for enlarged veins, etc., write to POMEROY & Co., 744 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED.—The first nineteen volumes of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Any one having these volumes, either bound or in numbers, may hear of a purchaser by addressing FRANK LESLIE, Box 4121, N. Y. City.

What are English Channel Shoes? Sewed shoes have the seam that unites the sole and upper sunk into a channel cut in the sole, Americans cut this channel from the edge of the sole, and the thin lip turns up in wearing. The English channel, which never turns up, is cut from the surface, leaving a dark line when closed. As it cannot be cut in thin, poor leather, it indicates a good article. 992-95

HOLT'S PARLOR TELEGRAPH, Comprising Single Needle Instrument, Battery, Connecting Wires and Instructions, in box, post free, for \$1. W. HOLT, 493 Hudson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Amber Tresses Tied in Blue." "My Sweet Josie Darling!"

Two most charming songs, with chorus, by the popular American song-writer, H. P. DANKS. Illustrated with a beautiful lithograph title. Price 40 cents each. Mailed on receipt of the price. 992-93 COTTIER & DENTON, Buffalo, N. Y.

PERFECTION!
BOKER'S BITTERS.
Beware of Counterfeits.

INGERSOLL & CO., 205 Broadway, N. Y., want Agents. Articles new. Sell at eight, 300 per cent. profit. Two \$1 samples, 35 cents each.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP LINE TO CALIFORNIA, JAPAN & CHINA, via PANAMA. The magnificent steamers of this line, comprising the A'APULCO, COLON, HENRY CHANCEY, and CITY OF PANAMA, leave Pier foot of Canal Street, North River, New York, every alternate SATURDAY, connecting at Panama with the Company's Steamers for San Francisco, and also for Pacific Coast of Mexico, Central American States and for Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaiso, etc.

The Company's splendid Steamers leave San Francisco for Yokohama, Hong Kong and Shanghai, every fortnight. RATES OF PASSAGE (including meals, berth and all necessities for the trip): New York to San Francisco, \$50, \$100, \$110, currency. San Francisco to Yokohama, \$85 or \$150, gold. San Francisco to Hong Kong, \$100 or \$200, gold. Children under two years, half fare; under 6 years, quarter fare; under 10 years, free. A competent Surgeon on board. One hundred pounds baggage free.

For freight and passage tickets, or further information, apply at the office, on the wharf foot of Canal Street, North River, New York.

RUFUS HATCH, Managing Director. H. J. BULLAY, Superintendent.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address, GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 992-1013.

ARCHER & PANCOAST
MFG. CO.
GAS FIXTURES
67 GREENE ST. above
68 70 & 72 WOOSTER ST. Broome

5 CARD PHOTOGRAPHS sent by mail for 25c. Address, Box 1688, P. O., N. Y.

LACES.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

Have just received a fine selection of Beaded Trimming Laces in "BLOND," "GUIPURE" and "YAK." BEADED GUIPURE & SPANISH NETS, for JACKETS and Aprons. BEADED LACE CAPES, SPANISH SCARFS, Etc.

Paris Novelties

"REAL VALENCIENNES" and "ITALIAN LACES" in "CAPES," "FICHUS," "COLLETTERES," "JABOTS," etc.

A choice assortment of FRENCH EMB'D LINES & LACE SETS, Etc., in NEW & UNIQUE DESIGNS. SCOLLOPED, EMBROIDERED, HEMSTITCHED BORDERS, in various designs. INITIAL & COLORED BORDERED LAWN & CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

A fine line of HAMBURG EDGINGS & INSERTINGS, to match all widths. Just opened, 12,000 PARIS EMB'D DOUBLE LINES CHEMISE BANDS, MUCH BELOW REGULAR PRICES. A full assortment of the NEWEST STYLE RUFFLINGS now open.

MOURNING RESS GOODS.

FRENCH & ENGLISH BOMBazines, "COURTAULDS" ENGLISH CRAPES, HENRIETTA, TAMESE, CREPE & EMPRESS CLOTHS; IMPERIAL SERGES, BARPOUR, ALPACAS, BRILLIANTINES, DELAINES, etc. All qualities and widths in "CASHMERE," "MERINOES," "DRAP D'ETE," "CACHIMER SICILIENNES" and FRENCH CAMELS' HAIR.

Also, a fine selection of BLACK & WHITE and GRAY MATERIALS, FOR LIGHT MOURNING. MOURNING HDKFS, GRAPE and MUSLIN SETS, RUFFLINGS, CRAPE VAILS, SCARFS, etc. N. B.—MOURNING SUITS, ready-made or to order at twenty-four hours' notice.

Hotel & Family Furnishing

BED & FAMILY LINES, TABLE DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TOWELS & TOWELINGS, LINEN & COTTON PILLOW CASES, BLANKETS, QUILTS, FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FLANNELS of all the most APPROVED MARKS.

WHITE GOODS DEPARTMENT

Complete in every detail, and at the LOWEST PRICES. N. B.—"SHEETS," "PILLOW CASES" and "SHAMS," ready made and to order.

A FULL LINE of Cameo, Amethyst,

Pearl, Coral, and all Gold Half Sets, Cuff Buttons, Lockets, Studs and Rings; also, Diamond Settings, Crosses and Roman Gold Band Bracelets, of our own manufacture, making the wide difference of the entire manufacturers' profit to the customer, while the articles made for a large and select trade are more perfect and finely finished than those bought by the retail trade of manufacturers who produce for a general market. Ladies' and Gents' Gold Watches of the best makers, and Chains of the latest styles.

The new Catalogue ready. Any goods C. O. D. Privilege to examine before paying.

F. J. NASH,
712 Broadway, New York.

STATEN ISLAND
Fancy Dyeing Establishment.

BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 5 & 7 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

Branch Office in New York, No. 1142 Broadway, two doors above Twenty-sixth Street—making two offices (only) in New York City. Branch Office, 279 Fulton Street, corner of Tillary, Brooklyn. Branch Office in Philadelphia, 47 North Eighth Street. Branch Office in Baltimore, 110 West Baltimore Street. All kinds of Dress Goods, in the piece or made into garments, Dyed, Cleaned or Refinished. Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Mantillas, etc., in all Fabrics, Cleaned without Ripping. Gentlemen's Coats, Overcoats, Pants, Vests, etc., DYED OR CLEANED WITHOUT RIPPING. Kid Gloves and Feathers Cleaned or Dyed. Linen and Muslin Window Shades, China Curtains, etc., Cleaned and Glazed. Lace and Muslin Curtains, Table Covers, Carpets, Rugs, etc., Cleaned and Refinished. Damask and Moreen Curtains beautifully Dyed.

BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
Principal Office, Nos. 5 & 7 JOHN STREET, N. Y.
Office in Brooklyn, 279 FULTON STREET, CORNER TILLARY.

RICHARD W. FROST,

Successor of FROST, BLACK & CO., Manufacturer of First Class FURNITURE of every description.

Patent Bureau & Ward-rob: Bedstead, \$25 and upwards. 113 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK. Steamboats, Hotels and Public Buildings furnished at the shortest notice.

All Goods purchased of my house guaranteed as represented. 989-96

HARRIS'S "P. P." WHISKIES

(Perfectly Pure)

Are re-distilled in vacuo at 85° Fahrenheit. "The Old Maize" is bottled especially for physicians for the use of invalids. "Bourbon," "Rye," etc., for Family and convivial use.

MEDAL AND DIPLOMAS Granted by the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, Oct., 1869, and Nov., 1873.

The OLIVER & HARRIS CO. for Re-distilling in Vacuo. Rectifying House, 641 Hudson Street, New York. 991-94

TRICKS.

The COMBINATION RING, being a Key-Ring, Glove & Button and Paper-Cutter combined; only 5 cts. The VANISHING CARD—a card that will appear and disappear at the pleasure of the performer—a wonderful illusion; 10 cts. The MAGIC TRICK CARDS, for performing wonderful tricks, 15 cts. a pack. The BLACK ART; or, Magic Made Easy—a book giving over 100 of the best and latest tricks with cards, coins, sleight-of-hand, etc.; a wonderful book, 16 cts.; or the four, postpaid by mail, 35 cts. Address, O. T. MARTIN, Box 90, Hoboken, N. J. 992-96-eow

\$475 A Month to Agents. Address, C. M. LINING-TON & Bco., New York or Chicago. 986-1040

The Traveler's Guide.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
THE LARGEST AND FINEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD. Erected at a total cost of \$2,500,000, the GRAND CENTRAL offers every convenience and luxury belonging to its high position among first-class hotels. Midway between up-town and down-town hotels, it also offers the best advantages in location.
Terms \$3, \$3.50, and \$4 per day, according to location of floor.
H. L. POWERS, Proprietor.

LELAND'S
NEW STURTEVANT HOUSE,
BROADWAY & TWENTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK.
Situated in the hotel centre of the city. American and European Plan. It is near all the principal theatres. Horse railways and omnibus lines communicate with every part of the city.
LEWIS & GEORGE LELAND, Proprietors.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,
FIFTH AVENUE, Twenty-third to Twenty-fourth Street, Opposite Madison Square, New York.
Broadway crosses Fifth Avenue directly in front of the Hotel, making the locality the most pleasant and convenient in the city. The Hotel in warm weather is the coolest in New York. It is near all the principal theatres. Horse railways and omnibus lines communicate with every part of the city.

BREVOORT HOUSE,
FIFTH AVENUE, near WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK.
The Brevoort is largely patronized by Europeans, being especially conducted for their comfort.
CLARK & WAITE, Proprietors.

THE WINDSOR.
Everything which the largest experience and unlimited expense can produce to add to the comfort of guests can be found embodied in the Windsor.
Forty-sixth St., FIFTH AVENUE and Forty-seventh St. Board, \$5 per day.
HAWK & WETHERDEE, Proprietors.

IRVING HOUSE,
(European Plan.)
Broadway and Twelfth Street, New York; Entrance 49 Twelfth Street.
A FIRST CLASS HOTEL, with moderate prices.
GEORGE P. HARLOW, Proprietor.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
NEW YORK.
Embraces the entire block of Fifth Avenue overlooking Madison Square from Twenty-sixth to Twenty-seventh Street. The house is kept upon the European plan.
JAS. L. MITCHELL, }
FRANCIS KINZLER, } Proprietors.

GILSEY HOUSE,
NEW YORK,
Corner of BROADWAY and TWENTY-NINTH STREET.
BRESLIN, GARDNER & CO., Proprietors.

UNION SQUARE HOTEL,
EAST SIDE UNION SQUARE, COR. FIFTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.
(ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.)
DAM & SANBORN, Proprietors.

FREEMAN, GILLIES & CO.,
20 West 14th Street (Bet. 5th & 6th Ave.),
Manufacturers of FURNITURE.
A large variety of Rich and Plain Furniture of the Latest Designs constantly in stock.
Specialties.
Making up Pieces of Worsted Work, Spanish Chairs, Reclining Chairs, Leg Rests, Parlor Camp Chairs, etc.
SOLID COMFORT.
Agents for all kinds of AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—A sufferer's experience and directions for self-cure given in a pamphlet. Mailed free, on receipt of postage, by NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 153, Brooklyn, N. Y.

5000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples sent free by mail. Two new articles, salable as flour. Address, N. H. WHITE, Newark, New Jersey. 989-91

HALL, a Hatter,
At 87 Fulton Street, New York, has the finest line of goods in the city at the lowest prices. Sent C. O. D. on receipt of size and style desired. 992-1004

BOX DECALCOMANIE Varnish, Instructions, etc., for 75c. J. JAY GOULD, Boston, Mass. 991-1003

\$600 A MONTH made honestly with Stencil and Key Check outfits. Catalogue and samples free. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. [967-1018]

\$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted; particulars free. J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo. 991-94

H. W. WALDSTEIN
OPTICIAN
545 BROADWAY
NEW-YORK
RECEIVED THE PRIZE MEDAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.
Over thirty years' practice enables me to fit the most sensitive eyes with glasses, by correspondence as well as in personal interview. 986-998

POSTPONEMENTS IMPOSSIBLE.

-\$20-

WILL BUY A
FIRST MORTGAGE PREMIUM BOND
OF THE
NEW YORK
INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION CO.

Authorized by the Legislature of the State of
NEW YORK.

SECOND SERIES DRAWING,
OCTOBER 5th, 1874.
EVERY BOND

Purchased previous to October 5th will participate.
Address for Bonds and full particulars,

MORGENTHAU, BRUNO & CO.,

Financial Agents, 33 Park Row, N. Y.

Post Office Drawer 29.

HON. F. A. ALBERGER, Pres. | WILLIAM C. MOORE, Treas.
GEN. A. S. DIVEN, Vice Pres. | R. J. TODD, Secy.

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES RECEIVED.

BOOTS
GLOVE-FITTING WHEN MADE ON
McCOMBER'S PATENT
EUGENE FERRIS & SON, BOOT MAKERS
81 Nassau St. New York.
ESTABLISHED 1832.

OBSERVATIONS ON
NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air passages, by A. N. Williamson, M. D., late Clinical physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 28 East Twentieth St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED. Men or Women, \$34 a week, or \$100 forfeited. To persistent workers more. Valuable samples free. Address, F. M. REX, Eighth Street, N. Y. 953-1009

KEHOE'S BOOK
ON THE USE OF
INDIAN CLUBS
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH 31 ENGRAVINGS
TAKEN FROM LIFE. BOUND IN CLOTH
BY MAIL PREPAID ON RECEIPT OF \$1.25
SIM. D. KEHOE, 114 EAST 14TH ST. N. Y.

\$10 A DAY. Employment for all. Patent Novelties.
GEORGE I. FELTON, 119 Nassau St., N. Y. [941-92]

HAVANA LOTTERY.
Circulars of information given and sent free by J. B. MARTINEZ & CO., Bankers 10 Wall Street; Post Office Box 4,685, Rear Basement, New York. tf

AGENT YOU CAN MAKE \$150
per month, selling our new
MAPS, PICTURES, CHROMOS,
ETC. Send for our new Catalogue and see what we offer. Small capital needed. Large profits. Quick sales.
HERE. E. C. BRIDGMAN, 5 Barclay St., N. Y. tf

WANTED AGENTS.—Worthy the special notice of old and experienced canvassers. "Cole's Voyage of Larz,"—line engraving—childhood, youth, manhood, o'd age. Sold by subscription only. Price reduced to suit the times. Nothing like it ever offered to the American public. Rare chance and inducements. Address, B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston. 991-93

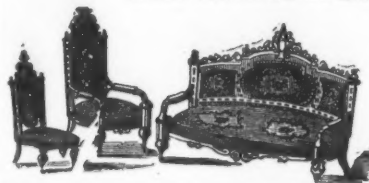
FRANK LESLIE'S
"Lady's Journal,"
THE MOST POPULAR
FASHION AND STORY PAPER
PUBLISHED.

Full of very interesting articles, etc., for ladies.
CHATTY, LIVELY AND SPARKLING,
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
Every lady living in the city, the country, or at the sea side, should not fail to have it forwarded. Those residing in the country can have the

"Lady's Journal"
Forwarded promptly by remitting the subscription, viz.:
\$4 a Year.

Address, plainly,
FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,
87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,
(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue)
STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF



PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM
Furniture, Carpets,
Oil-Cloths, Mattresses,
Spring-Beds, Etc.,
Of any House in the United States, which they offer to
Retail at Wholesale prices. 978-92

\$2500 A YEAR
Made with our grand
COMBINATION PROSPECTUS.

Represents 50 different books. Agents say this is the
BEST THING EVER TRIED.
The Books sell themselves in every family, and good men can make a business for life in one county. Agents Wanted on these and our magnificent Editions of Family Bibles. Full particulars free on application. Address, JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia. [986-98]



PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general outdoor day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Spectacles and Eye Glasses of the greatest transparent power, to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Optician, 637 Broadway, N. Y. tf

The TOLL-GATE! Prize Picture sent free! An ingenious gem. 50 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y. 974-1025

KIT CARSON, by his comrade, D. W. PATTER, U. S. A., the only Authentic and Authorized Life published; 600 pages; beautifully illustrated. Agents wanted everywhere. 20,000 already sold. Circulars of all our works free. Address, DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn.

AN EXQUISITE ENGRAVING, ENTITLED:
Two Bites to a Cherry.

Will be
PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY
With No. 490 of
FRANK LESLIE'S



Issued Monday, October 5th.

With the same Number (490),
ONE OF THE BEST SERIALS OF THE SEASON
Will commence, entitled:

THE CURSE OF THE REDLIONS,
A MYSTERY OF THREE DOMINIONS.

BY
MISS M. SEARCY.

"COUNTESS ETHEL'S RIVAL,"
A Brilliant Story by MARGARET BLOUNT (which began in No. 486), is a Novel which will be read with unabated interest in every household. Free from that sensation which is based on evil-doing, this story is full of mystery, and excites the strongest interest in the young heroine, over whom a mystery hangs, that prompts plot and counterplot.

It is eminently such a story as the most high-toned family will approve, yet written in a style that will win and lure on the most biased of novel-readers.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner

Is the only paper of its kind in America which presents, weekly, so much that is entertaining, instructive and suitable to all readers, for its contents embrace Serial Novels, Complete Stories, Adventures, Travels, Biography, Science, Natural History, Anecdotes, Juvenile Matter, Puzzles, etc.

No other journal ever combined so much varied, interesting and charming reading from the most popular favorites among the literary men and women of the day, with such carefully prepared illustrations. Its influence in families is known and appreciated far and wide.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner

Is issued every Monday, and can be had at all news-depôts, price ten cents. Terms—\$4 a year; \$1 for three months; six copies for one year, \$20. All subscriptions should be addressed, plainly,

FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl St., New York.

AN EASY ROAD TO FORTUNE; or, 77 Ways of Making Money, 50c.; Art of Letter-Writing, 15c.; Short Hand Without a Master, 25c.; Magic Photographs, 25c.; The Black Art Fully Exposed, 25c.; Complete Fortune-Teller and Dream Book, 15c.; Magic Trick Cards, 20c.; Art of Ventriloquism, 15c.; Courtship and Marriage, 15c.; Magic Made Easy, 25c.; How to Raise Ghosts, 50c.; Jolly Joker's Game Bag, with over 100 side-splitting Cuts, 15c.; How to Behave, 15c. Inclose money, and address, J. C. JESSUP, Box 5374, P. O., New York. 981-1032

A SUCCESSFUL SUBSCRIPTION BOOK.

Wonders of the World.

Five Hundred Large Quarto Pages. One Thousand Splendid Illustrations.

This book has merit, and is selling everywhere.

45,000 Copies have been Sold!

The new edition of 5,000 is now ready for delivery to our agents, who will keep a full supply. Our canvassers, and book agents generally, will send in their orders at once, and continue the canvass for this book.

50,000 More Copies can be Sold

This Season!

Address, for terms, territory and outfit,

United States Publishing Co.,
13 University Place, New York.



NOVELTY
PRINTING PRESSES.
The Best Yet Invented.
For Amateur or Business Purposes, and unsurpassed for general Job Printing
Over 10,000 in Use.

BENJ. O. WOODS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in every
Description of
PRINTING MATERIAL
340 Federal & 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston.
AGENTS—E. F. MacKusick, 6 Murray St., New York; Kelley, Howell & Ludwig, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; S. P. Rounds, 175 Monroe St., Chicago. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

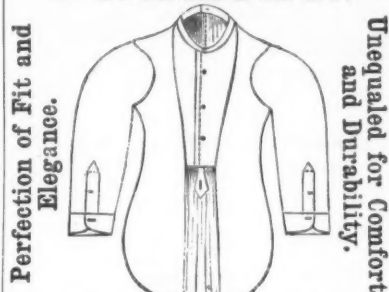
Imitation Silver Watches.

American Style, 8 oz., \$18; 6 oz., \$15; 5 oz., \$13; 4 oz., \$12; 3 oz., \$10. Chains to match, \$2, \$3, \$4 and \$5 each. Send Stamp for Illustrated Circular. Order six at once, and you get one free. No AGENTS. Sent by Express, C. O. D. COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696. Send Postal Orders and we will send goods free.

GLASS VISITING CARDS! Your name beautifully printed in GOLD! on 1 doz. for 50c. post pd. 3 doz. \$1. Must have Agents everywhere. Outfit 25c. Samples 3c. F. K. SMITH, Bangor, Maine. 989-9500w

REED THE SHIRT MAKER,
43 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Sole Manufacturer of the
"PREMIER."



Perfection of Fit and Elegance. Unequaled for Comfort and Durability.
To order \$12, \$15 and \$18 for Six. Sent, C. O. D., to any Address.
BOYS, \$7.50, \$9 and \$10.50 for Six.
Write for Illustrated Circular and Instructions for Self-Measurement.
980-92

RUSSIAN TURKISH BATHS,
GIBSON'S BUILDINGS,
Cor. Broadway and Thirteenth St.

THESE Baths are the largest and most complete in this City. They combine the best features of the two most noted and valuable systems of bathing—the Russian and Turkish. The Russian, in the application of vapor, and the manner of cleansing the skin, together with a series of douches and plunges, thus effecting relaxation and reaction, producing a powerful and invigorating effect; the Turkish, in the luxurious shampooing of the whole body. The use of cold water does not involve such violent shocks as is generally supposed. There is no discomfort attending the process; but, on the contrary, the sensations produced are of so pleasing a nature as to render these baths the means of real luxury.

HOURS OF BATHING:
From 7 A. M. to 9 P. M., and on SUNDAYS from 7 A. M. to 12 M.

DAYS FOR LADIES:
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.
Single Bath..... \$1.00
Six Tickets..... 5.00
Fifteen Tickets..... 10.00
Quarterly Subscriptions..... 15.00

A FORTUNE For ALL, in the Rubber Stamp Business. Address, DOMMAN'S Stencil and Stamp Works, Baltimore, Md. tf

\$475 A Month to Agents. Articles new and staple as four. DEAN & Co., New Bedford, Mass. [946-97]

\$2400 Yearly to Agents. 54 new articles and the best Family Paper in America, with two \$5 Chromos. Family Journal, 300 Br'way, N. Y. 991-1003

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 989-1040

MONEY made rapidly with Stencil and Key. Check Outfits. Catalogue, samples and full particulars free. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover Street, Boston. 967-1018

West Side Storage Warehouses,
593, 634, 636 Hudson, 779 Greenwich Street, and 10 Abington Square, New York City, for Furniture, Pianos, Baggage, and other family property. All goods placed in separate rooms. Most extensive, responsible and accommodating establishment in the United States. Cartage, freightage and other expenses advanced when required. All orders by post or otherwise promptly executed. R. TAGGART, Owner and Manager; Office, 593 Hudson Street, near West Twelfth Street. 946-97

FRANK LESLIE'S
Boys' & Girls' Weekly
BETTER THAN EVER!

I. Lone Wolf, the Apache Chief.
A Splendid Story, just begun.
II. Jack Harkaway Out West Among the Indians.
As interesting as ever.

III. Tom Wildrake's Schooldays
Full of Fun and Adventure

IV. Fatherless Bob.
By the author of "Jack Harkaway."

THE STAMP-COLLECTOR,
With illustrations of rare stamps never before engraved.

Naval Academy, Annapolis.
A full account of this cradle of our naval heroes.

THREE WEEKLY CASH PRIZES.
ADVENTURES, FUN, GAMES, etc., etc.

Ready Every Tuesday, Price 5 Cents.

If not near a news depot, send \$1 and get it for twenty weeks.

FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

ANOTHER CHANCE!

FIFTH AND LAST GIFT CONCERT
IN AID OF THE
**PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF KENTUCKY.**

POSTPONED TO
November 30th, 1874.
DRAWING CERTAIN AT THAT DATE.

LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift.....	\$250,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	100,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	75,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	50,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	25,000
5 Cash Gifts, \$20,000 each.....	100,000
10 Cash Gifts, 14,000 each.....	140,000
15 Cash Gifts, 10,000 each.....	150,000
20 Cash Gifts, 8,000 each.....	160,000
25 Cash Gifts, 6,000 each.....	150,000
30 Cash Gifts, 4,000 each.....	120,000
35 Cash Gifts, 3,000 each.....	105,000
40 Cash Gifts, 2,000 each.....	80,000
50 Cash Gifts, 1,000 each.....	50,000
100 Cash Gifts, 500 each.....	50,000
240 Cash Gifts, 100 each.....	24,000
500 Cash Gifts, 50 each.....	25,000
19,000 Cash Gifts, 50 each.....	950,000
Grand Total 20,000 Gifts, all Cash.....	\$2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets.....	\$50.00
Halves.....	25.00
Teeth, or each coupon.....	5.00
11 Whole Tickets for.....	500.00
22½ Tickets for.....	1,000.00

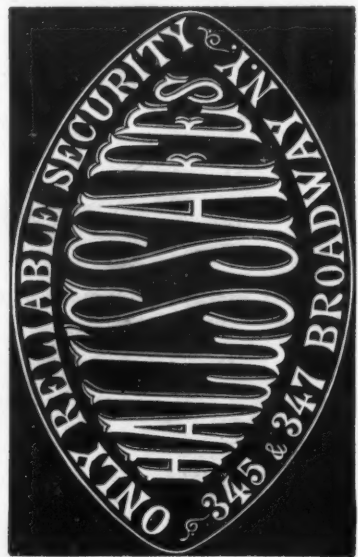
For Tickets or Information, address

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent and Manager,
Public Library Building Louisville, Ky.
Or, **Major THOS. H. HAYS,**
609 Broadway, New York.

**BUY YOUR
PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE
& MARTELL BRANDY**

From Well-known and Respectable
Dealers ONLY.

Numerous counterfeiters are being prosecuted by
RENAUD, FRANCOIS & CO.,
991-940 **SOLE AGENTS.**



HAVANA LOTTERY.

450,000 Dollars distributed in Prizes every 17 days.

1 Prize of.....	\$100,000
1 Prize of.....	50,000
1 Prize of.....	25,000
1 Prize of.....	10,000
2 Prizes, each of \$5,000.....	10,000
10 Prizes, each of \$1,000.....	10,000
766 other prizes, amounting to.....	\$245,000

Circulars of information furnished free. Orders filled. Prizes cashed. Spanish Bank Bills, Doubloons and Government Securities purchased.

TAYLOR & CO., BANKERS, 11 Wall St., N. Y.

Keep Your Bird in Health and Song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by all druggists and bird and cage dealers. 991-94-0

FOR FRUIT. ORNAMENT.

TREES

FOR PLEASURE. PROFIT.

Wholesale & Retail
Thrifty, Symmetrical, Well Ripened Trees,
STANDARD AND DWARF.

Pears, Apples, Cherries, Peaches,
PLUMS, QUINCES.

Small Fruits.—Grapes, Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries, Strawberries, Gooseberries.
Ornamental.—Weeping and Standard Deciduous trees, Common and Rare Evergreens, Trees with Purple and Golden Foliage, Variegated-leaved and Flowering Shrubs.

Roses.—Moss, Tea, Climbing and Perpetual.
Clematis.—40 Perpetual and 20 Summer varieties.
Honeysuckles.—Wistarias, Bignonias, etc., etc.

Order directly of us, as we employ no Agents.
560 Acres of Nursery. Catalogues free. Write to us.
T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.,
990-990 **Geneva, N. Y.**



A FIERY WIFE.

Mr. HENFECK—"Johnny, tell 'em to bring up some coal."
JOHNNY—"What! You cold, Pa? Why, I heard Ma say she was going to give you a warming as soon as you came home!"



THE CRUCIAL TEST

of the value of a medicine is time. Does experience confirm the claims put forth in its favor at the outset? Is the grand question. Apply this criterion, so simple, yet so searching, to TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. How has it won? What has been its history? How does it stand to-day?

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

is a household name throughout the United States. It is administered as a specific, and with success, in dyspepsia, sick headache, nervous debility, liver complaint, bilious remittents, bowel complaints (especially constipation), rheumatism, gout, gravel, nausea, the complaints peculiar to the maternal sex, and all types of inflammation. So mild is it in its operation that it can be given with perfect safety to the feeblest child; and so agreeable is it to the taste, so refreshing to the palate, that children never refuse to take it. For sale by all druggists. 991-92

KNABE Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos.
NEW YORK HOUSE, No. 112 FIFTH AVENUE.
WM. KNABE & CO., Baltimore and New York.

READ THIS TWICE.

Waltham Watches

HOWARD & CO., No. 223 Fifth Avenue, New York, continue to send single Waltham Watches by Express or Mail to any part of the country, no matter how remote, without any risk to the purchaser. Having sold Waltham Watches on this plan for the last six years, their customers are numbered by thousands, and from almost every county in the Union. In every case the purchaser gets a good reliable Watch, and full value for the money. Great improvements have been made during the present year; all grades and sizes are now made, both as key-winders and stem-winders. Our new price-list, which is sent free, describes all the new Watches, with prices of each. Write for it, and mention that advertisement was seen in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Address, HOWARD & CO., 223 Fifth Avenue, New York. 992-93-0

D. A. MAYER,

526 Broadway, cor. Spring St.,
Importers of Hungarian, Red and White Wines, Prune Brandy, and Champagne. 992-1004-0

ALABAMA STATE LOTTERY.

We commend to the favorable consideration of our readers the "Grand Distribution of \$500,000 in Endowments, which takes place at Mobile, Ala., on Wednesday, Oct. 14th, 1874. Tickets, \$10; halves, \$5; quarters, \$2.50. For particulars or tickets, address, J. Y. SLATER & CO., Box 5431, New York, or Box 907, Mobile, Ala. 992-93-0

Printing Presses. The Best
\$6 Size for Cards, La- \$11 Size for Cir-
culars, Envelopes, &c. &c. Circulars, &c.
Business Men do their own Printing and Ad-
vertising. Boys and Amateurs have deligh-
tful amusement and money making. Send stamp
for circular, specimens, etc., to the Manufacturer,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

REMOVAL. THE REMINGTON SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR ELEGANT NEW STORE,
No. 6 South Madison Square, New York,
(Kurtz Art Gallery),
ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY. 973-4fo

PHELPS, DODGE & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF METALS,
TIN-PLATE, SHEET-IRON, COPPER, BLOCK-TIN
WIRE, Etc.
CLIFF ST., between John and Fulton, NEW YORK.
982-1033

POMMERY

POULTNEY, TRIMBLE & CO.,

IMPORTERS
BREACH AND MUZZLELOADING
GUNS,
SHOOTING TACKLE.
STOCK UNSURPASSED.
QUALITY GUARANTEED.
Prices Low, to Suit the Times.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST.
No. 200 West Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD. 991-940

PARQUET FLOORS.
The National Wood Man'g Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF WOOD CARPETING.
942 BROADWAY.
SEND 3-CENT STAMP FOR DESIGNS. 41

NICOLL, THE TAILOR,

143 BOWERY, and 111 NASSAU ST.

PANTS TO ORDER, \$6.

SUITS TO MEASURE.

Black Doeskin Pants to Measure, \$8.

Black Cloth Suits to Measure. 0

\$100,000 Given Away!

NO POSTPONEMENT!

GRAND MUSICAL JUBILEE
AT SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Thursday, November 26th, 1874.
Agents wanted. For particulars, address,
N. HATTENBACH & CO., Sioux City, Iowa.
991-980

Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers

of every kind. Send stamp for Illustrated Price List to
Great Western GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.
981-980

SEC. CHAMPAGNE
HENKELL & CO. HOCK WINES.
Jouffe Freres Chateaux Wines.
JAMES GRAFF, Sole Agent
67 N. 3D STREET NEW-YORK

Agents Wanted in every Town
and County.



Send for Samples and Circulars.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all dealers.

Wholesale Warehouse, 91 John St., N. Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

**STEWART'S
SLATE & MARBLE MANTELS**
220 & 222 WEST 23D ST. N.Y.

HAVANA LOTTERY.

Drawings every 17 days—next drawings, September
18th and October 5th.

782 Prizes, amounting to.....	\$450,000
1 Prize of.....	100,000
1 Prize of.....	50,000
1 Prize of.....	25,000
1 Prize of.....	10,000
2 Prizes of \$5,000 each.....	10,000
10 Prizes of \$1,000 each.....	10,000
89 Prizes of \$500 each.....	44,500
655 Prizes of \$300 each.....	196,500

Circulars with full information sent free. Tickets for
sale and prizes cashed by P. C. DEVLIN, Stationer and
General Agent, 30 Liberty St., N. Y.

WATERS' NEW SCALE PIANOS, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, are the best made.

the tone powerful, pure and even through the
entire scale, yet mellow and sweet.

WATERS' Concerto ORGANS
cannot be excelled in tone or beauty; they defy
competition. The Concerto Organ is a fine
imitation of the Human Voice.

All are warranted for 6 years. PRICES
EXTREMELY LOW for cash or part cash,
and balance in monthly or quarterly pay-
ments. Second-hand instruments taken
in exchange for new; also, for sale at great
bargains. AGENTS WANTED in every
County in the U. S. A liberal discount to
Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, &c. Illus-
trated Catalogues mailed.

HORACE WATERS & SON,
481 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 3567.
992-93-0

FONT PEN,

With Capillary Feeder.

Patented Feb. 10th, 1874.

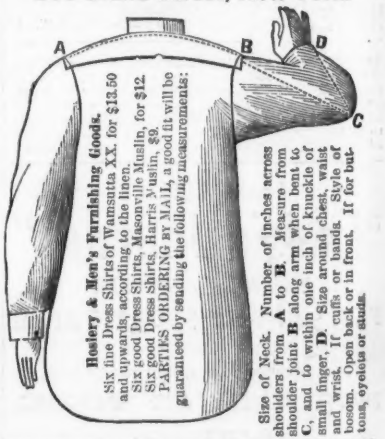
Handle contains the Ink. Or-
dinary gold or steel pens
used. Ink entirely un-
der the writer's con-
trol; writes 20
hours, and
easily
filled.

Just the thing
for contin-
uous writers of
every class, and has
no equal as a pocket
pen, always ready for use.
Prepaid to any address on
receipt of price, \$3. Discount to
dealers.

H. B. LATOURETTE & CO.,
7 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

J. W. JOHNSTON,

260 Grand Street, New York.



UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS AT POPULAR PRICES.

BEAUTIFY HOME!

6 Splendid Chromos for \$1 Satisfaction
guaranteed. Agents Wanted. Particulars free. "A Royal
Scrap Book" for 10 cts. Address, S. S. Wood, Newburgh,
N. Y. 991-990

ROYAL SAXON GOVERNMENT LOTTERY

At Leipzig, Germany. 50,000 prizes.
HAVANA LOTTERY.

THEODOR ZSCHOCK,
P. O. Box 5594. 116 Nassau St., New York. 878-90